

THE CRITIC:

A Weekly Journal of Literature, Art, Science, and the Drama.

VOL. XVII.—No. 416.

JUNE 26, 1858.

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NEWSPAPER

[JUNE 26, 1858.]

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Estimates forwarded on application.

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THE ART-JOURNAL for JULY (price 2s. 6d.) contains Two Engravings from Pictures in the Royal Collections, viz.—C. Stanfield's "Ischia," and Carlo Maratti's "Infant Christ." The Engraving from Sculpture is J. H. Foley's "Hampden."

THE LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS INCLUDE:—

Titian, Part I.
Mr. Ruskin and Constable.
British Artists, No. XXXVI.—D. Roberts, R.A., illustrated.
Tombs of British Artists.—Sir J. Reynolds, by F. W. Fairholz, F.S.A., illustrated.
Artistic Copyright.

VIRTUE and CO., 25, Paternoster-row, London; and all Booksellers.

BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL, in AID of the FUNDS of the GENERAL HOSPITAL, on the 31st of August, and the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of September next. President, the Right Hon. the Earl of Dartmouth.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—BRADFORD FESTIVAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—This celebrated body of Yorkshire Choristers (upwards of 200 in number), who have arrived in London to form part of the Chorus of the Great Handel Festival Display on Friday next, will give a performance of their favourite Madrigals, Part Songs, &c., at the Crystal Palace on TUESDAY NEXT, the 29th instant, commencing at Three o'clock precisely.—Admission, One Shilling. Children, Sixpence.

LIVERPOOL SOCIETY of FINE ARTS.—The Council have much pleasure in making known to Artists, Sculptors, and Architects that the rapid enrolment of Life Members and Annual Subscribers has now given a material guarantee that the Society will be established on a firm and satisfactory basis; they, therefore, have no hesitation in inviting contributions to the Exhibition, which is to be opened in August or September next in the Queen's Hall, Bold-street.

Those gentlemen who intend to favour the Society with contributions of their WORKS for EXHIBITION are requested to inform the Honorary Secretaries by a note addressed to the Central Office, 24, North John-street.

Agents.—London—Messrs. H. and I. Crispin, 6, New Compton-street, W.C.
Edinburgh—Mr. Alexander Hill, 67, Princes-street.
Dublin—Mr. James Stark, Sackville-street.

Provincial Artists who propose to send works from any of the Exhibitions in London are requested to give the requisite authority to the Honorary Secretaries, that the agent in London may be instructed to collect and forward those works direct.

JOSEPH BOULT,) Hon.
D. P. THOMSON, M.D., Secretaries.

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With 8 stops ditto 24
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THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under the Management of Mr. Buckstone.—Last Week but One of the Season of Five Years.

Every Evening (Wednesday excepted), AN UNEQUAL MATCH, in which Miss Amy Sedgwick will sustain her original character of Hester, being the last night but three of her engagement.

On Wednesday, Miss Sedgwick's benefit, when will be performed THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL; Lady Teazle (first time in London), Miss Sedgwick. With A DEAD SHOT; Miss Sedgwick and Mr. Buckstone. And JACK'S RETURN FROM CANTON. After the Unequal Match on Monday and Tuesday (and for these nights only), BOX AND COX. BOX, Mr. Buckstone, COX, Mr. Compton. With the Spanish Ballet of the CALIGAN FETE, by Fanny Wright, Charles Lechner, and the Corps de Ballet. After the comedy on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the new farce of A STRIKING WIDOW, and a Ballet.

Mr. Buckstone's Benefit, and last night of the season, on Saturday, July 10th.—Stage Manager, Mr. Chippendale.

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The following arrangements have been made:—TUESDAY, June 26.—Verdi's Opera of LUISA MILLER, and a Divertissement from Auber's Ballet of La Sonnambula, in which Mlle. Rosati will make her first appearance.

On THURSDAY, July 1 (Extra Night), IL TROVATORE, and Divertissement from La Sonnambula, with Mlle. Rosati and Mlle. Poccini.

Applications to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

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JUNE 26, 1858.]

THE CRITIC.

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TO OUR READERS.

The next number of the *Critic* will be accompanied by a portrait and autograph of JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, A.R.A., with a biographical sketch. The portrait is after a photograph by Herbert Watkins.

THE CRITIC.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

THE debate upon the Repeal of the Paper Duty, barren though it was in actual result, was not without some consolation for those who feel interested in the matter. We say "those who feel interested," as though there were any persons who, by trade or otherwise, are more interested in the removal of this heavy fetter upon knowledge than others. But all are interested alike; the poor man who reads his penny paper, equally with the paper-maker and the newspaper-proprietor. After listening to Mr. MILNER GIBSON's clear and truthful statement of the way in which this tax impedes the streams of intelligence, and even hinders them from fertilising the lower levels of society, the House of Commons affirmed that "the maintenance of an excise upon paper, as a permanent source of revenue, would be impolitic,"—which, if it mean anything, is tantamount to declaring that it is a tax which should be got rid of as soon as possible. This is something; it is a pledge, not very definite it is true, but a landmark on the question nevertheless. After that, no future CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER can affirm, with any hope of assent, that the tax upon paper is wise and beneficial. For this we have to thank Mr. MILNER GIBSON, who has long and bravely laboured in this cause, and next to him Mr. HERBERT INGRAM, who seconded the motion in a speech which proved his thorough comprehension of the subject. One of the most curious results of this debate is the fact that the *Times*, which has hitherto consistently opposed the repeal of this duty, now calls aloud for its removal, and states with an air of profound conviction that it is merely a question of time. According to its own confession, the Leviathan of the press contributes no less than 38,000*l.* per annum to the paper duty; but the explanation of its conversion is to be found, we suspect, not so much in that fact as in the understanding to which it has at length arrived with regard to the functions of the cheap press. As we predicted, the penny papers only interfered at first slightly, and then not at all, with the circulation of the *Times*: now they aid in spreading the influence of its opinions and popularity. When the *Times* opposed the removal of the tax, it saw clearly enough that it was the only bar to the swarm of the penny press, and it then professed a wonderful solicitude for the preservation of the Revenue. Now that it perceives that no good accrues to itself from the suppression of cheap papers, it is willing enough to put the 38,000*l.* into its own pocket. We are glad to perceive that Mr. MILNER GIBSON is far from satisfied with the result of his motion. At a meeting of the Society for Promoting the Repeal of Taxes on Knowledge held at Fendal's Hotel on Thursday last, he urged a continuance of the agitation, with a view to pressure upon Parliament next session.

At the urgent request of Dr. SPIERS we give insertion to his reply to the letter of M. CONTANSEAU; but it must be distinctly understood that, so far as our columns are concerned, here the discussion ends.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Paris, 14th June 1858.

Sir.—I did not intend after my "last words" again to encroach on your valuable space; but I cannot accept without protestation the accusation of "endeavouring to misrepresent the case and mislead the public," and I trust you will not refuse insertion to a vindication from that charge.

I cannot condescend to enter into a controversy with the man who is declared a plagiarist, and who barely escaped conviction for piracy. When such an individual comes forward and attributes to rage and absurdity the just complaints of an injured man, I can but reply—

" Lay not that flatteringunction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks."

I cannot divest myself of the belief that the letter in your number of the 5th inst., signed by M. Contanseau, throws much light on the question. That person's opinion on the judgment was wanting.

And the man who is declared by his judge "to have taken very considerably from Dr. Spiers," "to have followed Dr. Spiers's order and arrangement much oftener than that of any other dictionary," "to have taken by far the greater portion from the plaintiff's," "to have, to a great extent, reaped the fruit and benefit of Dr. Spiers's labour, and "by saying that he had not Dr. Spiers's dictionary before him more than other dictionaries, had not stated that which was correct," or in other terms is pronounced to be guilty, if not of piracy, at least of plagiarism and untruth,—that man so stigmatised stands forth as the champion of the judge and the judgment, the law and the lawyers. And why? Is it not because he did not expect to be leniently dealt with to stay the injunction, and, having expected to be declared a pirate, is more than satisfied with being merely pronounced a plagiarist and a man that "had not stated that which was correct," and mulcted in his own costs? That judge must indeed be "able and accomplished" who in such a case saves him his book and plaintiff's costs to boot.

With the ordinary good faith exhibited throughout the whole affair, Mr. Contanseau, in his letter, speaks of my being "absurd" (in inverted commas) in my claims, as if that epithet had been applied to them by the Vice-Chancellor.

It is not assured because I was "absurd" in my claims that the Vice-Chancellor condemned my adversaries to the payment of their own costs, declared that "the real issue was one of the most difficult ever presented to him"—viz., as to how far this very considerable use of the work of another might be taken to be legitimate;" that "the present case went as far as any previous case, though not perhaps further than *Mawman v. Tegg*," where a very large and considerable portion of the plaintiff's work had been taken without any alteration or addition;" that "it was about as evenly balanced a question as could be presented to a jury;" and that "it was very nicely balanced in his own mind whether the legitimate bounds had been so far overstepped by the defendant, as to induce the court to give the plaintiff the benefit of staying the publication of the defendant's work, and I am not prepared to do so." A question *the most difficult ever presented to the Vice-Chancellor, evenly balanced for a jury, and so nicely balanced in the mind of the judge, must have appeared not so "absurd" either, but rather tolerably reasonable.* And please to remark that the Vice-Chancellor admits that the case "went as far as any previous," i.e., just short of legal piracy; and further, that "the legitimate bounds had been overstepped," although, in the estimation of that exponent of the law, not far enough to induce him to stay the publication. The question then is merely of quantity, and not at all of quality—in short, not whether or not *there was plagiarism, but whether there was sufficient plagiarism to amount to legal piracy.*

But let us now see on which side lie the misrepresentation and the attempt to mislead the public.

My quotations from the judgment are faithfully presented, and their accuracy is not contested. Now the greater part of those given by M. Contanseau coincide with the terms of the shorthand notes taken at the trial, and these exactly correspond with the report of the *Times*. But in some of the most important of these there are certain omissions that cannot be accounted for, unless by wilful misrepresentation and the desire to mislead the public.

M. Contanseau quotes thus:—"There can be no doubt as to his vocabulary and arrangements; M. Contanseau had taken them from Bescherelle, and not from Dr. Spiers." The whole question really is reduced to the acceptations in the French-English *svo.* M. Contanseau has very prudently omitted the end of the phrase: "Though he had certainly taken very considerably from Dr. Spiers, and had followed his order and arrangement much oftener than that of any other dictionary."

Another instance of the same good faith in quotation. M. Contanseau makes the Vice-Chancellor say: "Not by any means was every article taken from Dr. Spiers's *svo.*; much consisted of emanations from the defendant's own brain; some were translations from Bescherelle; some taken from other dictionaries." M. Contanseau has again most conveniently forgotten the end of the sentence: "Though by far the greater portion from the plaintiff's work."

If a plagiarist were bound to speak the truth, there would certainly be woeful sins of omission.

After the above specimens of veracity I cannot be expected to place implicit reliance upon any other assertions in that letter; but, if "the work of the 'spoiler' has, after careful comparison, been adopted in any of the great establishments in England," I can but say that these establishments, to be consistent, should call in Monsieur Bernard for their French master.

I am prepared to refute nearly all the facts and reasoning contained in the quotations of M. Contanseau's letter. But I am not entitled to claim in your journal the requisite space. I have hitherto, from deference to the Judgment-seat, abstained from discussing either; but both appear to me, perhaps from my long residence on the Continent, most extraordinary. I will merely take one example of each.

M. Contanseau swore in his first affidavit that he began his manuscript of the French-English part on the 2nd January 1848, and completed it in 1850. "That he (M. Contanseau) began his dictionary in 1848 or 1849 there was no doubt whatever, for he had the evidence of nine professors of Addiscombe, who had spoken to his being engaged on his dictionary for many years."

Now "many years" may, in 1857, apply to 1851 or 1852 quite as well as to 1848 or 1849, and especially as more than half the paper of the *MS.* bears in the watermark the date of 1852! The Vice-Chancellor, it is true, supposes elsewhere that these sheets of the date of 1852 may have "been subsequently inserted for the purpose of making alterations and corrections in various places." This reasoning might be applicable to a sheet or two now and then, "in various places;" but can it be reasonably

applied, not to a few sheets here and there, but to sheets following each other consecutively, forming the whole of many letters of the alphabet (every sheet of letters A, H, I, J, M, N, R, S, T, U, and G, and several parts of other letters), and especially all letter A, to the extent of more than half the *MS.* of the French-English part, sworn to have been completed in 1850. The supposition is barely possible; but the probability certainly lies the other way, especially when it is considered that the *MS.* is alleged on affidavit to have been already copied from scraps of paper; that Mr. Contanseau, in 1850, and probably in 1851, was engaged in the tuition of his college and of 20 private pupils, and in 1851 published another work, a French grammar. Do not these facts point naturally to 1852 as the commencement of the *MS.*, fully confirmed again by the date of the watermark; and, if more than half the manuscript was re-written after 1852, that the *MS.* was not completed in 1850? And wonderful to relate, the recollection of having re-written any sheets at all burst on Mr. Contanseau as a light from Heaven, only after the detection and exposure of the date in the watermark! Now do I contend that such an allegation would never have been admitted by any jury in the world, certainly not by any jury of Englishmen.

Let us now take a specimen of the reasoning intended to show "a legitimate use, in the fair exercise of a mental operation deserving the character, of an original work."

"Further than this, there was the second operation of considerable labour, the revision and examination of Dr. Cauvin."

Why, in America avowed pirates, bearing the names of the authors, constantly undergo the labour of editorship. McCulloch's "Geographical Dictionary" has for its American editor Mr. Daniel Harrel, A.M.; Liddell and Scott's Lexicon is reprinted "with corrections and additions" by Henry Drisler, M.A.; Kiddle and Arnold's Lexicon is "carefully revised" by Dr. Anthon; and Smith's "Dictionary of Antiquities" is "corrected and enlarged" by Dr. Anthon. Appleton's edition of my *svo.* Dictionary has the name of Mr. Quackenbos, A.M., and Huntington's edition of both my *svo.* and abridgment are edited by Mr. Jewett. What copyright would be safe, if it were held to be sufficient to constitute an original work that the book should be revised and examined? Might not every pirate claim "the revision and examination of Dr. Cauvin?"

The very reverse of this doctrine would appear to me to be the law of reason and of justice. Is it not as if a man were allowed to appropriate to himself my house because he may alter its doors or its windows, its floors or its ceilings? Nay, no alteration or improvement should entitle any one "to reap the fruit and benefit of another's labour," any more than that it should be allowable for him to appropriate to himself another man's piece of ground, because, after having first seized it, he chooses to build a house upon it.

I fear I have already trespassed too long on your valuable space. I will merely add that I am not at all singular in my estimate of the judgment.

A former Lord Chancellor of England considers the judgment unsatisfactory; a former Chancellor of France and Minister of Justice has expressed the like conviction; two French judges the self-same, although their opinion is based upon the terms of the judgment itself. It is an impression, I am assured, common to the whole of the Paris Bar, and, I believe, of the Paris public. A gentleman of the Chancery Bar (not my own counsel, who might have a bias) has written to me: "I feel very strongly the moral, equitable, and legal justice of your cause, a feeling which I thought common to nine-tenths of the audience." Another legal authority writes from London: "I am glad to find Lord —— considers the judgment in your great case unsatisfactory. On the whole, I think the feeling of all who read it here is the same way."

I confidently trust that henceforth, if this judgment should ever be referred to as a precedent in cases of copyright, it will be evident to all that acquiescence in it is not the motive of non-appeal; but that I had in advance engaged with my adversaries to waive that right. My appeal must then be to your opinion, which I challenge through your medium.

In apologising for the length of my communication, I cannot refrain from expressing my high sense of the impartiality and liberal courtesy of the Currie, for which I would beg to proffer my acknowledgments.—I have the honour to be, Sir, yours obliged,

A. SPIERS.

UNLESS JENKINS is deceiving us, the aristocracy is about to disport itself in the pleasant but naughty bowers of Cremorne. Just to see what the "Traviata" will do! How potent are Signor VERDI and the force of example. Moved by a fit of virtuous indignation, the *Times*, after puffing up the opera in its musical columns, attempted at the end of the first season to write it down, and succeeded, as a natural consequence, in writing it up. The curiosity of folks was aroused, a wretched opera obtained a Don Juan-like success, everybody went to see it and nobody owned it, and now VIOLETTA is a fashionable personage. Everybody knows that people—and, above all, great people—never do things by halves. When the public mind is turned in a certain direction, it always runs like a stream one way, until it is turned back again by some more potent influence, or until the source is dry. When once our prudish public had persuaded itself into touching the unholy thing, it could scarcely handle it too frequently or with too great familiarity. Until lately, we have treated our social sores as the Hebrews treated leprosy—by covering them up; but now we are all in the opposite extreme of lancing, probing, and exposure to the light of day. We firmly believe that if it had not been for the Signor VERDI and his opera, the letters of "One more Unfortunate" would never have been admitted into the *Times*. And now the consequence of all this is, that Lady BLANCHE and the Countess VIRGINIE must masquerade upon a stage hitherto sacred to VIOLETTA and her sisterhood. We know that many virtuous and prudent matrons have gone

* I still have every doubt on the subject.

+ The following is a specimen of the English of one of M. Contanseau's translations from Bescherelle: "RACHAELANDER, to retrieve customers."

o' dark nights to see Cremorne; but then it has only been to see what it was like, and in mufi, under careful guardianship, and with uplifted veils. But in this gay festivity *al fresco ed al notte*—in these Chelsea Gardens of CIRCE—there is to be no concealment. The gardens are to be strictly “tiled in” for the night. There is a committee of lady patronesses, among whom some of the most distinguished names are mentioned. Vouchers are necessary, and JENKINS assures us that in the distribution of them “the utmost exclusiveness will be preserved.” This is of course highly necessary, for VIOLETTA is a very persevering young lady; and, as one who must be nameless once got into a masquerade and passed muster among the mummers for one of themselves until a disagreeable smell of sulphur betrayed him, so it might possibly happen that the aristocratic maskers would run a risk of being startled by the presence of a little reality amid their fiction. But they may be as exclusive as they please, as jealous of their vouchers as the Lady Patronesses at Almack's—when Almack's really *was* exclusive—still they can never purge the place of its associations and its memories; the heavy odours of VIOLETTA's *pachouli* will hang about it still, stifling the more delicate perfume of *millefleurs* and the Jockey Club; the impress of her foot will be upon the grass, the wine-stains she has left upon the table; and—mothers of Belgravia, beware!—moral fevers, like physical ones, are catching.

Among many items of gossip in the world of journalism respecting papers and periodicals, their changes and chances, may be noted the fact that the *Leader* has once more changed hands, and is about to undergo considerable modifications. This is, we believe, the third time that this paper has changed its nature within a not very prolonged existence; but, if what we hear be true, the last will be the most prudent change of all. At the outset, the *Leader* started with what must be called a very pretentious title and very pretentious views—justified, however, to a great extent by the great ability with which they were supported. Professing what are called “advanced principles,” it obtained great favour among that large body of English youth whose opinions are not crystallised, and who are always glad to welcome anything new in the way of political and religious doctrines, especially if they be enforced with wit and spirit. This the *Leader* certainly did, and at that time no journal of the same standing was more eagerly perused, if not in the drawing-room, at least in the club-room, and on the hinder benches of the bar. After that, it underwent a change “into something new and strange.” Milder counsels prevailed with its management, and milder views were professed. Though still conducted with uncommon ability, and written by some of the cleverest pens upon the press, this change did not prove beneficial to the paper in a commercial point of view. To use a common expression, it fell between two stools. The former strong-stomached admirers of the *Leader* were dissatisfied with what they deemed republicanism *en bottes vernis*; whilst the moderate thinkers, on the other hand, still continued to regard it with the same holy horror as before. Under the new management, it is probable that the change in everything but name will be radical and complete; the old leaven will be entirely purged; an entirely new class of writers introduced; a considerable augmentation will take place; and the *Leader*, instead of occupying itself with Positivism, German Neology, and the political doctrines of M. PROUDHON, will become a shining light in illuminating such dark questions as Peel's Act, the Currency Laws, and the Decimal Coinage. In point of fact, it is about to become the organ of a certain school in political economy, and, whilst it will preserve all the features of a generally political, social, literary, and artistic journal, the extra space will be devoted to matters which have hitherto been considered to fall only within the special province of the *Economist*. As for other matters, the *Literary Gazette* (JERDAN'S *Literary Gazette*) has fallen into the hands of Messrs. BRADBURY and EVANS and the gentlemen of the *Punch* staff, and is about to become a sort of comic review. The *Sunday Times* changed hands once more some time back, and is no longer the property of Mr. E. T. SMITH. The literary obituary of this quarter includes the *Train*, which expired of a lingering atrophy. The fate of this pe-

riodical adds another to the already numerous instances of abortive schemes by literary men for carrying on a publication among themselves upon joint-stock principles. When it appeared on the same day as the *Idler*, we predicted of them both, “The *Idler* cannot possibly survive the year; the *Train* probably may.” Our prediction was verified to the letter, for the *Idler* very quickly expired, but the *Train* attained the ripe old age of eighteen months.

Although no one can for one moment approve of the conduct of Mr. GROSSMITH in taking the law into his own hands, by caning Mr. MAY as Mr. MAY had caned his son, it must be admitted that the disclosures at the Mansion House put the conduct of the latter gentleman into quite a new light. When the LORD MAYOR sent the charge of assault preferred by Mr. GROSSMITH, on behalf of his son, to be investigated by a jury, the press was almost unanimous in ridiculing the magistrate for treating with such seriousness what people were pleased to term “such a trumpery case,” and in exclaiming against interfering with a schoolmaster's supposed right to flog his pupils to his heart's content. We must confess that, although we did not think the matter called for observation at the time, it did appear to us that Mr. MAY's conduct was not quite so blameless in the matter as it was generally made out to be. We always suspect a schoolmaster who is fond of using the rod, to be either negligent of his duty, or incapable of understanding it. If the rod be of any value at all, it is a quick and violent remedy for that which may be cured by milder means more patiently applied. We doubt, however, whether it be a remedy at all,—whether it is anything but a brutalizing and hardening infliction. With all the mass of authority before us, from BUSBY down to the present Head Master of Eton, we incline to this heretical opinion. But, setting that extreme view of the question aside, surely not even the most rigid adherent to the old martinet system will approve of excessive corporeal punishment, so excessive as to bring on mental disease. It is sworn upon evidence that the son of Mr. GROSSMITH is now dangerously ill from the effects of the beating he received from Mr. MAY; nor is this a solitary instance of this gentleman's method of instruction. Another father of a pupil, the Rev. H. ROBERTS, waited upon the LORD MAYOR to state that he had found it necessary to remove his son from Mr. MAY's tuition, in consequence of severe and unnecessary chastisement; and in proof of his assertion he produced the following apology, which Mr. MAY had delivered in writing, in order to prevent the legal consequences of his act:

9, Trinity-square, Tower-hill, Feb. 18th, 1858.

It is with unfeigned sorrow that I reflect upon the want of discretion and judgment which was so painfully evinced by me in the severe chastisement which I inflicted upon my former pupil, Horace W. L. Roberts, at the Brewers' Company School, on Friday, the 12th inst., and for which I was justly summoned before the Lord Mayor of London. I acknowledge with gratitude the lenient course which at my earnest entreaty the father of the child in question, the Rev. Horace Roberts, has adopted in consenting to withdraw from a public prosecution against me for the offence; and I sincerely appreciate the forgiving spirit of his son in sanctioning such a course. As a recompense to the son, I have fulfilled with pleasure the conditions imposed upon me by my kind advocate and friend, the Rev. John Poole; and as an acknowledgement of the father's forbearance I respond cheerfully to his desire, by making this sincere and unreserved avowal of regret for all that has occurred in reference hereto, and which I trust will satisfy the public, as it will the parents' sense of duty and responsibility. ED. J. MAY.—Signed in my presence, W. E. POOLE, 10, South-crescent.

The recompence referred to in this document was that Mr. MAY placed the son of Mr. ROBERTS into another school for six months at his own expense. How cruelly excessive must have been the punishment for which one clergyman could require from another such a recompence and such an apology, it is not difficult to imagine. It now only remains for the Brewers' Company to offer their opinion upon Mr. MAY's system of tuition.

It is impossible to feel otherwise than very sorry on hearing of the calamity which lately befel Mr. WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, of Crimean, and now of Indian celebrity. According to the announcement of the *Times* itself, Mr. RUSSELL was prostrated by a sun-stroke on the march with Sir COLIN CAMPBELL from Futteghur to Bareilly. In consequence of this misfortune his last letter was transmitted in an unfinished state,

and the supplementary intelligence had to be supplied by the Bombay correspondent. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the perfect reliance to be placed upon all his descriptions, there can be none whatever about the talent evinced in their composition, the rich graces of style by which they are adorned, and the uncommon courage and self-devotion which he has invariably displayed in what may very properly be termed the public service. Were anything to happen to Mr. RUSSELL, it would not be too much to say that the greatest reporter on the English press had gone. It is satisfactory therefore, to be able to announce that, according to the last accounts, Mr. RUSSELL is recovering from the effects of the stroke, and is, in one telegram, announced to be at Futteghur, and “quite well.” That he may remain so amid all the dangerous influences of the Indian climate, and return to enjoy the position which he has fairly won, must be the sincere wish not only of his personal friends, but of all who read his letters—in other words, of all reading Englishmen and Englishwomen.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Mr. PEPPER, the excellent and indefatigable director of the Polytechnic, took a complimentary benefit before his retirement from the direction of the Institution which has flourished so greatly under his care. To those who have attended the Polytechnic Institution for some years past we need say little in praise of Mr. PEPPER's system of management. Greater courtesy to all comers, more judgment in the selection of entertainments likely to be both popular and instructive, could not have been displayed by any one than by this gentleman from the beginning to the end of his career. Bearing this in mind, we hope that what we hear is true, namely, that Mr. PEPPER's retirement is only the preliminary to another and more advantageous engagement.

The famous “press prosecutions” have ended after all in smoke—a little forensic rhetoric, and a great deal of nonsense. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL declined to press the prosecutions instituted by his predecessor if Mr. TRUELOVE would only state that he did not intend to incite to the assassination of the French Emperor. This Mr. TRUELOVE's counsel at once conceded, and Lord CAMPBELL, after directing the jury to return a verdict of “Not guilty,” dismissed the defendants with a caution. Strange inconsistency! If not guilty, why the caution? So far we are glad that a weak and unwise proceeding has come to an end.

A meeting of the promoters of the Newspaper Press Fund is called for this day at the Freemasons' Tavern, for the purpose of considering the rules which have been revised by the committee. From what we hear, it is likely that questions will be mooted upon which the future *status* and success of the movement must depend; and we earnestly recommend all who possibly can, and who take an interest in the question, and are desirous of elevating the newspaper press into the dignity of a profession, not to fail in their attendance.

THE WEATHER AND THE WIGS.—On the Lord Chief Baron taking his seat in the Exchequer Court the other morning, Mr. Knowles, who was counsellor on the first cause in the list, applied to his Lordship for permission to dispense with his wig during this very hot weather. It would be a very great convenience to him personally, and he understood also to several of his learned friends, if the permission could be accorded.—The Lord Chief Baron: Certainly, in permanently hot countries where the English law is administered both the judges and the bar dispense with wigs.—Mr. Knowles: I am afraid, my Lord, we cannot call this a permanently hot country; all we can say is, that it is excessively hot just at present. The Lord Chief Baron: If you can say, Mr. Knowles, that wearing your wig gives you a headache, or causes you any serious inconvenience.—Mr. Knowles: Sir, I am afraid I cannot put it so high as that, but only as a matter of inconvenience. Perhaps your Lordship will consult the other learned judges. (Laughter.)—The Lord Chief Baron: I certainly might do that in the course of the day.—Mr. Sergeant Shee: Perhaps the best thing, then, is for us to dispense with our wigs now, and your Lordship may, at the close of the day, report the result of your conference with the other learned judges.—Mr. Knowles, however took nothing by his motion, for wigs, despite the intense heat, still continue to be worn. It is, we believe, among the traditions of the bar that once, on a similar application, Sir William Follett was permitted to address the Court without his wig.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Letters on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.

By SAMUEL BAILEY. Second Series. London: Longmans.

The only independent and original English philosophy is the Baconian philosophy. A truly English philosophy of a more spiritual character may yet arise; but it gives so far small signs of appearing. Essentially synthetic, the English genius becomes barrenly, childishly, pedantically analytic, whenever it ventures into the metaphysical domain. Each new book by an English author on a metaphysical subject can boast of being more aridly analytical than its predecessor. It is the main feature of German metaphysics, on the contrary, to be inspired by a potent and prolific synthesis, and by that alone. Hence, though German metaphysical writers often lose themselves in the abstract and the fantastic, they seldom leave us without a grand and fruitful conception of the universe. Can we say aught like this of Mr. Bailey, acute and ingenious as a thinker, and lucid and lively as expositor and as critic though he be? What new glory has he revealed to us? To what new height has he enabled us to climb? What feast from the invisible land has he offered to our hungry hearts? What yearning for the invisible God has he awakened? What sublime dream of ideal perfection has he flashed on our brain? These are no captious questions. But we are weary, very weary of the small dexterities of debate where we pant for divinest colours, divinest forms, and divinest voices. The Apostle did not denounce philosophy as such—he denounced philosophy falsely so called; and can it be anathematised in terms too scornful or too fierce? In England it meets us as a shallowness in phrenology, as a leprosy in positivism, as dreary drivelling analysis in psychology. Our war then is with all these; our war at present is especially with the last, as it is the last of which Mr. Bailey discourses. The ground we take in opposition to psychology, and for which we have fought battle after battle, is, that we can study the individual as a portion of a larger unity, but that it is illusory, frivolous, and sterile to study fragments of the individual. In metaphysics we deal with no dead or shadowy thing; we deal with living organisms in the vastest living organism; we deal with them in their relation to the unseen. Psychology, which is a grinding of old tombstones into the minutest powder, has nothing therefore to do with metaphysics. In strictest speech and in strictest fact alike the metaphysical is that which lies behind the veil of nature. Instead, therefore, of making us dwell as morbid anatomists on our puny selves, it is for ever carrying us away into the higher life, and this is its signal and sublime service. Sphere beyond sphere we ascend, till words fail us to utter our ecstasy of contemplation. Now the psychologists, always grovelling on the earth, always dabbling among rotten bones, decry those aspirations they have never felt. Nothing is to their taste except the putrid prose of their own microscopic existence. The infinite which environs this pitiful span of theirs they curse as mysticism, as if it were not mystery which converts universal being from a mere common mass into the temple of Deity. The utmost merit which we can allow to such a production as the one before us is that it may possibly help to teach accuracy in the use of words. But this, even though deserved, may be doubtful praise. The French language has succeeded so completely in attaining clearness and correctness as to have become the very poorest language in the world. It has been so polished by grammarians, that we seek in it, and find not, the muscle, the massiveness, and the majesty of our illustrious English tongue. What is the quarrel of a psychologist with all the psychologists who have gone before him? That they have employed one word while he in his wisdom would have preferred another. And so the juggle and the jargon go on from generation to generation. Psychology might in general be described as grammar made dull. Locke is the chief model of dullness; and if the psychologists can be as dull as Locke, then they are satisfied. Mr. Bailey has not a natural faculty for dullness; but he does his best to achieve dullness notwithstanding. As if he distrusted himself, however, he some-

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imagination to feel and to comprehend it. He who possessest not this imagination had better not approach or pretend to judge the German philosophy. Is it not from want of this imagination that Mr. Bailey finds Fichte to be talking rank nonsense in maintaining that everything which we ascribe to objects, and which is supposed to come to us from them, has first been put by us into those objects by a conclusion? What so true as this? All perception is the transference of ourselves. Transferring ourselves into objects, they are thenceforth but forms of our own individuality. They become real through our ideal. We are their creators. Mr. Bailey and all of his school will call this mystical, whereat we are neither alarmed nor annoyed. We only know that it is what we learned from experience, and not from books—what we believed long before we knew that there were any metaphysical systems in the world. It was but the revival in a young heart of the old Oriental dream, deeper and higher than which no philosophy has yet gone, and of which metempsychosis, so ill understood, is the crowning phantasy. So far from being the deification of matter, it is the deification of the spiritual principle. We dart ourselves, as the spiritual, the vital, everywhere; and only the spiritual, the vital, do we thus everywhere behold—matter, that hideous figment of the psychologists, vanishing away like a guilty thing. The feebleness of Mr. Bailey's book, or rather the feebleness of psychology, is strikingly shown in his remarks on the causation of voluntary action. Beyond the limited region of psychology must we march, if profitably and with catholic breadth we are to discuss the awful question of liberty and necessity. One of the first axioms of ontology is that nature and necessity are identical. This excludes chance, but it does not imply fatalism. The necessity of nature is the inalienable freedom of nature. If we are included in nature's necessity, we are included in nature's inalienable freedom. Nature acts from an internal impulse and not from a foreign pressure, and so do we. As it is we that make objects what they are by transfusion and transfiguration, so it is we that fashion our own destiny by emanation. This is a faith as elevating as it is consoling, while it has none of the stern pride, none of the Titanic rebelliousness, from which in Stoicism mankind shrank. It is also favourable as no other faith can be to the sense of moral responsibility. We are the architects of our own fortune; we are the inspirers and moulder of our own career; we are our own guardian angels. Practically this is the richest fruit of ontology: for what so degrading or so despairing as that man should be continually asking himself, as psychology continually urges him to ask himself, whether he be a free being or a slave. He is free by the grace of God, which, in metaphysical language, is the perennial plenitude of life from within. Life may often fail from without if we seek it from without; from within it never faileth. We pretend not, in speaking thus, to be the interpreters of German ontology to the exclusion of every other.

Philosophy belongs to no age and no nation; and therefore he who aspires to be a philosopher should be familiar with the philosophers of every nation and of every age. German philosophy is the most magnificent apocalypse of modern thought. But it has striking defects. It is too much mere thought—too much divorced from the actual. It is too fond of disguising commonplaces in labyrinthine phrases. Not seldom, in passing twenty yards into the nebulous, it foolishly fancies that it is soaring farther and farther toward the mystical and the infinite. Though no philosophy is national, yet all philosophy should stupendously influence a country's condition. Philosophy among the Germans, however, has been a hindrance rather than a help. Under it moral vigour has grown feeble, patriotic earnestness cold; it has been the apologist of cowardice and compromise, and the friend of despotism. It must bear no small part of the blame if Austria and Prussia are ignobly selfish, and if the smaller German states are the serfs of the Czar. Life must predominate over thought, if thought is to be a power. Life includes thought, and should be its master, not its servant. Whenever this natural subordination is overthrown, presumption, pedantry, falsehood, fruitless speculation,

' dark nights to see Cremorne; but then it has only been to see what it was like, and in mufti, under careful guardianship, and with uplifted veils. But in this gay festivity *al fresco ed al notte*—in these Chelsea Gardens of CIRCE—there is to be no concealment. The gardens are to be strictly "tiled in" for the night. There is a committee of lady patronesses, among whom some of the most distinguished names are mentioned. Vouchers are necessary, and JENKINS assures us that in the distribution of them "the utmost exclusiveness will be preserved." This is of course highly necessary, for VIOLETTA is a very persevering young lady; and, as one who must be nameless once got into a masquerade and passed muster among the mummers for one of themselves until a disagreeable smell of sulphur betrayed him, so it might possibly happen that the aristocratic maskers would run a risk of being startled by the presence of a little reality amid their fiction. But they may be as exclusive as they please, as jealous of their vouchers as the Lady Patronesses at Almack's—when Almack's really *was* exclusive—still they can never give the place of its associations and its memories; the heavy odours of VIOLETTA's *pachouli* will hang about it still, stifling the more delicate perfumes of *millefleurs* and the Jockey Club; the impress of her foot will be upon the grass, the wine-stains she has left upon the table; and—mothers of Belgravia, beware!—moral fevers, like physical ones, are catching.

Among many items of gossip in the world of journalism respecting papers and periodicals, their changes and chances, may be noted the fact that the *Leader* has once more changed hands, and is about to undergo considerable modifications. This is, we believe, the third time that this paper has changed its nature within a not very prolonged existence; but, if what we hear be true, the last will be the most prudent change of all. At the outset, the *Leader* started with what must be called a very pretentious title and very pretentious views—justified, however, to a great extent by the great ability with which they were supported. Professing what are called "advanced principles," it obtained great favour among that large body of English youth whose opinions are not crystallised, and who are always glad to welcome anything new in the way of political and religious doctrines, especially if they be enforced with wit and spirit. This the *Leader* certainly did, and at that time no journal of the same standing was more eagerly perused, if not in the drawing-room, at least in the club-room, and on the hinder benches of the bar. After that, it underwent a change "into something new and strange." Milder counsels prevailed with its management, and milder views were professed. Though still conducted with uncommon ability, and written by some of the cleverest pens upon the press, this change did not prove beneficial to the paper in a commercial point of view. To use a common expression, it fell between two stools. The former strong-stomached admirers of the *Leader* were dissatisfied with what they deemed republicanism *en boute vernis*; whilst the moderate thinkers, on the other hand, still continued to regard it with the same holy horror as before. Under the new management, it is probable that the change in everything but name will be radical and complete; the old leaven will be entirely purged; an entirely new class of writers introduced; a considerable augmentation will take place; and the *Leader*, instead of occupying itself with Positivism, German Neology, and the political doctrines of M. PROUDHON, will become a shining light in illuminating such dark questions as Peel's Act, the Currency Laws, and the Decimal Coinage. In point of fact, it is about to become the organ of a certain school in political economy, and, whilst it will preserve all the features of a generally political, social, literary, and artistic journal, the extra space will be devoted to matters which have hitherto been considered to fall only within the special province of the *Economist*. As for other matters, the *Literary Gazette* (*JERDAN'S Literary Gazette*) has fallen into the hands of Messrs. BRADBURY and EVANS and the gentlemen of the *Punch* staff, and is about to become a sort of comic review. The *Sunday Times* changed hands once more some time back, and is no longer the property of Mr. E. T. SMITH. The literary obituary of this quarter includes the *Train*, which expired of a lingering atrophy. The fate of this pe-

riodical adds another to the already numerous instances of abortive schemes by literary men for carrying on a publication among themselves upon joint-stock principles. When it appeared on the same day as the *Idler*, we predicted of them both, "The *Idler* cannot possibly survive the year; the *Train* probably may." Our prediction was verified to the letter, for the *Idler* very quickly expired, but the *Train* attained the ripe old age of eighteen months.

Although no one can for one moment approve of the conduct of Mr. GROSSMITH in taking the law into his own hands, by caning Mr. MAY as Mr. MAY had caned his son, it must be admitted that the disclosures at the Mansion House put the conduct of the latter gentleman into quite a new light. When the LORD MAYOR sent the charge of assault preferred by Mr. GROSSMITH, on behalf of his son, to be investigated by a jury, the press was almost unanimous in ridiculing the magistrate for treating with such seriousness what people were pleased to term "such a trumpery case," and in exclaiming against interfering with a schoolmaster's supposed right to flog his pupils to his heart's content. We must confess that, although we did not think the matter called for observation at the time, it did appear to us that Mr. MAY's conduct was not quite so blameless in the matter as it was generally made out to be. We always suspect a schoolmaster who is fond of using the rod, to be either negligent of his duty, or incapable of understanding it. If the rod be of any value at all, it is a quick and violent remedy for that which may be cured by milder means more patiently applied. We doubt, however, whether it be a remedy at all,—whether it is anything but a brutalizing and hardening infliction. With all the mass of authority before us, from BUSBY down to the present Head Master of Eton, we incline to this heretical opinion. But, setting that extreme view of the question aside, surely not even the most rigid adherent to the old martinet system will approve of excessive corporeal punishment, so excessive as to bring on mental disease. It is sworn upon evidence that the son of Mr. GROSSMITH is now dangerously ill from the effects of the beating he received from Mr. MAY; nor is this a solitary instance of this gentleman's method of instruction. Another father of a pupil, the Rev. H. ROBERTS, waited upon the LORD MAYOR to state that he had found it necessary to remove his son from Mr. MAY's tuition, in consequence of severe and unnecessary chastisement; and in proof of his assertion he produced the following apology, which Mr. MAY had delivered in writing, in order to prevent the legal consequences of his act:

9, Trinity-square, Tower-hill, Feb. 18th, 1858.

It is with unfeigned sorrow that I reflect upon the want of discretion and judgment which was so painfully evinced by me in the severe chastisement which I inflicted upon my former pupil, Horace W. L. Roberts, at the Brewers' Company School, on Friday, the 12th inst., and for which I was justly summoned before the Lord Mayor of London. I acknowledge with gratitude the lenient course which at my earnest entreaty the father of the child in question, the Rev. Horace Roberts, has adopted in consenting to withdraw from a public prosecution against me for the offence; and I sincerely appreciate the forgiving spirit of his son in sanctioning such a course. As a recompence to the son, I have fulfilled with pleasure the conditions imposed upon me by my kind advocate and friend, the Rev. John Poole; and as an acknowledgement of the father's forbearance I respond cheerfully to his desire, by making this sincere and unreserved avowal of regret for all that has occurred in reference hereto, and which I trust will satisfy the public, as it will the parents' sense of duty and responsibility. ED. J. MAY.—Signed in my presence, W. E. POOLE, 10, South-crescent.

The recompence referred to in this document was that Mr. MAY placed the son of Mr. ROBERTS in another school for six months at his own expense. How cruelly excessive must have been the punishment for which one clergyman could require from another such a recompence and such an apology, it is not difficult to imagine. It now only remains for the Brewers' Company to offer their opinion upon Mr. MAY's system of tuition.

It is impossible to feel otherwise than very sorry on hearing of the calamity which lately befel Mr. WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, of Crimean, and now of Indian celebrity. According to the announcement of the *Times* itself, Mr. RUSSELL was prostrated by a sun-stroke on the march with Sir COLIN CAMPBELL from Futteghur to Bareilly. In consequence of this misfortune his last letter was transmitted in an unfinished state,

and the supplementary intelligence had to be supplied by the Bombay correspondent. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the perfect reliance to be placed upon all his descriptions, there can be none whatever about the talents evinced in their composition, the rich graces of style by which they are adorned, and the uncommon courage and self-devotion which he has invariably displayed in what may very properly be termed the public service. Were anything to happen to Mr. RUSSELL, it would not be too much to say that the greatest reporter on the English press had gone. It is satisfactory therefore, to be able to announce that, according to the last accounts, Mr. RUSSELL is recovering from the effects of the stroke, and is, in one telegram, announced to be at Futteghur, and "quite well." That he may remain so amid all the dangerous influences of the Indian climate, and return to enjoy the position which he has fairly won, must be the sincere wish not only of his personal friends, but of all who read his letters—in other words, of all reading Englishmen and Englishwomen.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Mr. PEPPER, the excellent and indefatigable director of the Polytechnic, took a complimentary benefit before his retirement from the direction of the Institution which has flourished so greatly under his care. To those who have attended the Polytechnic Institution for some years past we need say little in praise of Mr. PEPPER's system of management. Greater courtesy to all comers, more judgment in the selection of entertainments likely to be both popular and instructive, could not have been displayed by any one than by this gentleman from the beginning to the end of his career. Bearing this in mind, we hope that what we hear is true, namely, that Mr. PEPPER's retirement is only the preliminary to another and more advantageous engagement.

The famous "press prosecutions" have ended after all in smoke—a little forensic rhetoric, and a great deal of nonsense. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL declined to press the prosecutions instituted by his predecessor if Mr. TRUELOVE would only state that he did not intend to incite to the assassination of the French Emperor. This Mr. TRUELOVE's counsel at once conceded, and Lord CAMPBELL, after directing the jury to return a verdict of "Not guilty," dismissed the defendants with a caution. Strange inconsistency! If not guilty, why the caution? So far we are glad that a weak and unwise proceeding has come to an end.

A meeting of the promoters of the Newspaper Press Fund is called for this day at the Freemasons' Tavern, for the purpose of considering the rules which have been revised by the committee. From what we hear, it is likely that questions will be mooted upon which the future status and success of the movement must depend; and we earnestly recommend all who possibly can, and who take an interest in the question, and are desirous of elevating the newspaper press into the dignity of a profession, not to fail in their attendance.

THE WEATHER AND THE WIGS.—On the Lord Chief Baron taking his seat in the Exchequer Court the other morning, Mr. Knowles, who was counsel on the first cause in the list, applied to his Lordship for permission to dispense with his wig during this very hot weather. It would be a very great convenience to him personally, and he understood also to several of his learned friends, if the permission could be accorded.—The Lord Chief Baron: Certainly, in permanently hot countries where the English law is administered both the judges and the bar dispense with wigs.—Mr. Knowles: I am afraid, my Lord, we cannot call this a permanently hot country; all we can say is, that it is excessively hot just at present. The Lord Chief Baron: If you can say, Mr. Knowles, that wearing your wig gives you a headache, or causes you any serious inconvenience.—Mr. Knowles: Sir, I am afraid I cannot put it so high as that, but only as a matter of inconvenience. Perhaps your Lordship will consult the other learned judges. (Laughter.)—The Lord Chief Baron: I certainly might do that in the course of the day.—Mr. Sergeant Shee: Perhaps the best thing, then, is for us to dispense with our wigs now, and your Lordship may, at the close of the day, report the result of your conference with the other learned judges.—Mr. Knowles, however took nothing by his motion, for wigs, despite the intense heat, still continue to be worn. It is, we believe, among the traditions of the bar that once, on a similar application, Sir William Follett was permitted to address the Court without his wig.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Letters on the Philosophy of the Human Mind.
By SAMUEL BAILEY. Second Series. London:
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The only independent and original English philosophy is the Baconian philosophy. A truly English philosophy of a more spiritual character may yet arise; but it gives so far small signs of appearing. Essentially synthetic, the English genius becomes barrenly, childishly, pedantically analytic, whenever it ventures into the metaphysical domain. Each new book by an English author on a metaphysical subject can boast of being more aridly analytical than its predecessor. It is the main feature of German metaphysics, on the contrary, to be inspired by a potent and prolific synthesis, and by that alone. Hence, though German metaphysical writers often lose themselves in the abstract and the fantastic, they seldom leave us without a grand and fruitful conception of the universe. Can we say aught like this of Mr. Bailey, acute and ingenious as a thinker, and lucid and lively as expositor and as critic though he be? What new glory has he revealed to us? To what new height has he enabled us to climb? What feast from the invisible land has he offered to our hungry hearts? What yearning for the invisible God has he awakened? What sublime dream of ideal perfection has he flashed on our brain? These are no captious questions. But we are weary, very weary of the small dexterities of debate where we pant for divinest colours, divinest forms, and divinest voices. The Apostle did not denounce philosophy as such—he denounced philosophy falsely so called; and can it be anathematised in terms too scornful or too fierce? In England it meets us as a shallowness in phrenology, as a leprosy in positivism, as dreary drivelling analysis in psychology. Our war then is with all these; our war at present is especially with the last, as it is the last of which Mr. Bailey discourses. The ground we take in opposition to psychology, and for which we have fought battle after battle, is, that we can study the individual as a portion of a larger unity, but that it is illusory, frivolous, and sterile to study fragments of the individual. In metaphysics we deal with no dead or shadowy thing; we deal with living organisms in the vastest living organism; we deal with them in their relation to the unseen. Psychology, which is a grinding of old tombstones into the minutest powder, has nothing therefore to do with metaphysics. In strictest speech and in strictest fact alike the metaphysical is that which lies behind the veil of nature. Instead, therefore, of making us dwell as morbid anatomists on our puny selves, it is for ever carrying us away into the higher life, and this is its signal and sublime service. Sphere beyond sphere we ascend, till words fail us to utter our ecstasy of contemplation. Now the psychologists, always grovelling on the earth, always dabbling among rotten bones, deary those aspirations they have never felt. Nothing is to their taste except the putrid prose of their own microscopic existence. The infinite which environs this pitiful span of theirs they curse as mysticism, as if it were not mystery which converts universal being from a mere common mass into the temple of Deity. The utmost merit which we can allow to such a production as the one before us is that it may possibly help to teach accuracy in the use of words. But this, even though deserved, may be doubtful praise. The French language has succeeded so completely in attaining clearness and correctness as to have become the very poorest language in the world. It has been so polished by grammarians, that we seek in it, and find not, the muscle, the massiveness, and the majesty of our illustrious English tongue. What is the quarrel of a psychologist with all the psychologists who have gone before him? That they have employed one word while he in his wisdom would have preferred another. And so the juggle and the jargon go on from generation to generation. Psychology might in general be described as grammar made dull. Locke is the chief model of dullness; and if the psychologists can be as dull as Locke, then they are satisfied. Mr. Bailey has not a natural faculty for dullness; but he does his best to achieve dullness notwithstanding. As if he distrusted himself, however, he some-

times introduces the dullness of others; for instance, he quotes from a Mr. Tagart, a *dilettante* scribbler on psychology, whose natural faculty for dullness is immense and unquestionable, the extremely impudent saying that "Reid's Inquiry into the Human Mind" is a very shallow and feeble performance. Now, whatever we may think of Reid, we must admit that he belongs to the few who have rendered psychology interesting; and so Jouffroy, and many more, whom we consider rather better judges than Mr. Tagart, have deemed. Though political economy is so repulsive, yet how much Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" charms us! And, likewise, though psychology is so wearisome, how much we encounter that is attractive and instructive in the pages of Reid. Just because, through his shrewd glance and his robust sound sense, Reid, without reference to psychology, arrived often at what was beautifully and eternally true. Both Stewart and Brown, also, are remarkable and fascinating writers, let the position we assign them as philosophers be lowly or exalted. There are two obvious reasons why Scotch psychologists remind us less of sandy deserts and stony wilds than the mass of English psychologists. Education at schools and universities is far less exclusive, monotonous, and monastic in Scotland than in England. The bond with the nation and with the literature of the nation is never broken as by the English clostral system. Then the Scotch, though not metaphysicians proper, but only psychologists, yet allow to psychology a tolerably comprehensive range, so that their delineations of human nature are sometimes as faithful and as fresh as if we owed them to some famous poet. The most distinguished of recent Scotch philosophers, Sir William Hamilton, does not delight us with these pleasant gleams: philosophy was to him more completely than perhaps to any one before him a mere science of definitions; yet philosophy really deals with that which cannot be defined. And this constitutes the difference between psychology and ontology. Psychology analyses and defines ever and evermore; ontology uncurtains synthesis on synthesis, and never attempts to define. Hence the psychologist and the ontologist cannot understand each other. What to the former is a problem, to the latter is a fact to be added to a boundless treasure of facts, a victory to be added to a long series of victories. A part of Mr. Bailey's volume is devoted to a refutation of the German philosophy. Now Mr. Bailey plainly labours under a total misapprehension of what German philosophy is. First, because his knowledge of it is scanty and second-hand, gleaned here and there from compilations; and, secondly, because he is a psychologist, and the achievements and discoveries of German philosophy have been mainly ontological. No one who has thoroughly studied German philosophy will speak of it with aught but wonder, gratitude, and reverence. How much, however, do the words "German philosophy," include. Besides its primordial representatives, whose names in England are so much better known than their works, does it not offer us such men as Louis Feuerbach, who would carry materialism and atheism to their ultimates, and Anthony Günther, who would revive, extend, and perfect Cartesianism—offer us types of whatever shape thought has taken from the beginning? How foolish, then, to talk of German philosophy as if it invariably meant one thing, or as if its whole pith could be condensed into half a dozen sentences. But, manifold as German philosophy may be, there is no leading German system with which we are acquainted that inclines to the subdivision of the human faculties. Mr. Bailey is, therefore, manifesting extreme ignorance in attacking it on this ground. German philosophy proclaims unity of substance. Before that unity it would efface all divisions and subdivisions. It would be as just to accuse the Old Testament of favouring polytheism when depicting God's mercy or God's anger, as to accuse German philosophy of breaking up the individual into paiftest parcels when employing such metaphysical terms as reason, consciousness, and many more. The poetic pantheism which transfigures, which transfigures, the grandest metaphysical doctrines in Germany demands extraordinary wealth, and boldness, and vigour of

imagination to feel and to comprehend it. He who posseseth not this imagination had better not approach or pretend to judge the German philosophy. Is it not from want of this imagination that Mr. Bailey finds Fichte to be talking rank nonsense in maintaining that everything which we ascribe to objects, and which is supposed to come to us from them, has first been put by us into those objects by a conclusion? What so true as this? All perception is the transference of ourselves. Transferring ourselves into objects, they are thenceforth but forms of our own individuality. They become real through our ideal. We are their creators. Mr. Bailey and all of his school will call this mystical, whereat we are neither alarmed nor annoyed. We only know that it is what we learned from experience, and not from books—what we believed long before we knew that there were any metaphysical systems in the world. It was but the revival in a young heart of the old Oriental dream, deeper and higher than which no philosophy has yet gone, and of which metempsychosis, so ill understood, is the crowning phantasy. So far from being the deification of matter, it is the deification of the spiritual principle. We dart ourselves, as the spiritual, the vital, everywhere; and only the spiritual, the vital, do we thus everywhere behold—matter, that hideous figment of the psychologists, vanishing away like a guilty thing. The febleness of Mr. Bailey's book, or rather the febleness of psychology, is strikingly shown in his remarks on the causation of voluntary action. Beyond the limited region of psychology must we march, if profitably and with catholic breadth we are to discuss the awful question of liberty and necessity. One of the first axioms of ontology is that nature and necessity are identical. This excludes chance, but it does not imply fatalism. The necessity of nature is the inalienable freedom of nature. If we are included in nature's necessity, we are included in nature's inalienable freedom. Nature acts from an internal impulse and not from a foreign pressure, and so do we. As it is we that make objects what they are by transfusion and transfiguration, so it is we that fashion our own destiny by emanation. This is a faith as elevating as it is consoling, while it has none of the stern pride, none of the Titanic rebelliousness, from which in Stoicism mankind shrank. It is also favourable as no other faith can be to the sense of moral responsibility. We are the architects of our own fortune; we are the inspirers and moulders of our own career; we are our own guardian angels. Practically this is the richest fruit of ontology; for what so degrading or so despairing as that man should be continually asking himself, as psychology continually urges him to ask himself, whether he be a free being or a slave. He is free by the grace of God, which, in metaphysical language, is the perennial plenitude of life from within. Life may often fail from without if we seek it from without; from within it never faileth. We pretend not, in speaking thus, to be the interpreters of German ontology to the exclusion of every other.

Philosophy belongs to no age and no nation; and therefore he who aspires to be a philosopher should be familiar with the philosophers of every nation and of every age. German philosophy is the most magnificent apocalypse of modern thought. But it has striking defects. It is too much mere thought—too much divorced from the actual. It is too fond of disguising commonplaces in labyrinthine phrases. Not seldom, in passing twenty yards into the nebulous, it foolishly fancies that it is soaring farther and farther toward the mystical and the infinite. Though no philosophy is national, yet all philosophy should stupendously influence a country's condition. Philosophy among the Germans, however, has been a hindrance rather than a help. Under it moral vigour has grown feeble, patriotic earnestness cold; it has been the apologist of cowardice and compromise, and the friend of despotism. It must bear no small part of the blame if Austria and Prussia are ignobly selfish, and if the smaller German states are the serfs of the Czar. Life must predominate over thought, if thought is to be a power. Life includes thought, and should be its master, not its servant. Whenever this natural subordination is overthrown, presumption, pedantry, falsehood, fruitless speculation,

enter in. In German philosophy we pant for the Living God, and encounter Supreme Reason instead. But this Supreme Reason, in the most bounteous, suggestive ontological significance thereof, could be in England what it cannot be in Germany—the herald and the path to the Living God. Here we are alive enough, but only in the outward. Our industrialisms are miraculous; but they are of the earth—earthy. We have to be raised to the universal and the unseen, not that we may be more alive, but that we may have a sublimer conception of life. It is true that all national growth must be from a national root, and on a national soil. We cannot appropriate German philosophy—we cannot make it wholly our own. Some very small men have been attempting to plant in England that very small Gospel, positivism; whereto the objection is that positivism, being the final and most idiotic expression of the filthy French sensationalist systems, can have no single aptitude for England's spiritual requirements. It is a foreign pollution, and let us keep it from entering our hearts and homes by a healthy disgust. A foreign thing German philosophy is no less. In spite of our English affinities with the Teutonic element, its foreign character German philosophy will always retain. Our higher philosophy, when a higher philosophy comes, will be a spiritual Baconianism—Baconian ontology. What, then, can German philosophy chiefly do for us in our approaching spiritual transformations? It can aid us in getting rid of our barren psychologies; it can teach us that metaphysics are synthetic, not analytical. Preposterous is it to aver that Lockeism and its ugly brood are direct descendants of Baconianism.

The intellect of Bacon was perhaps the most, while that of Locke was the least synthetic, that ever England produced. What, therefore, could Bacon and Locke have in common? Nevertheless the Lockeists noisily and incessantly pretend to apply nothing but Baconian principles—which is a charlatanism, unless we choose charitably to consider it a mistake. Whether charlatanism or mistake, the assumption by Lockeism, by our psychologists, of a Baconian mask, has a fatal influence beyond philosophy. It disastrously affects our politics. Without metaphysical synthesis politics can have no creative force. The dearth of the heroic and of the chivalrous we may lament—and would that the heroic and the chivalrous were to return to our public life! But were they to return, would they not be at a loss what to do? And just because the mind of our legislators, where it has received any culture or discipline at all, has been simply instructed how to analyse. Hence among our politicians and statesmen there is not one who has any energy of synthetic fruitfulness and combination. Normally, political action is the synthetic renewal of a nation's existence. How wholly unlike this is it that by a process of lazy analysis you huddle what you call a bill or measure into shape, or that by a process of malignant analysis you tear it to pieces. This is what has brought our Senate for a season so completely into contempt. We have analysis making or destroying measures; we have also analysis breaking up men into parties, with the formation of which passion and principle have little to do. Gazing forth from the domain of synthetic politics, we are obliged to confess that we do not know what the vague words Liberal and Conservative mean: though we very clearly understand what reform means on the one side, and what obstruction and obscurantism mean on the other. The life of the universe is a long reformation, and why should we pretend to be wiser than the universe? Everything organic tends to corruption and dissolution, and nature is ceaselessly busy in forming again, or reforming. Here, then, we have an infallible guide in all religious, social, and political affairs. Slowly, like nature, we should form again, or reform; and like nature, we should never intermit our labours. But very widely in these days have men departed from nature, and, instead of seeking field and food in great realities, they delude themselves, and delude each other, with emptiest phrases. You, our most stolid friend, who call yourself a Conservative, would be painfully at a loss to tell us what you would conserve; you, our most glib and shallow brother, who call yourself a Liberal, would be exceedingly puzzled to define Liberalism.

Most stolid friend, most glib and shallow brother, ye are ensnared by rigmarole when ye are not taking part in legerdemain. Rise for a moment above the cant and pedantry of names,

and ye will marvel much that they should ever have had power to fascinate and befool you. If we passed from politics to religion, we should discover analysis as the worker of still more tragical woe. Our churches, like our senate, have suffered from moral causes. But if our churches are no longer loved, no longer puissant and fruitful, flashing with prophetic fire, angelic ministers of mercy, to what except to the withering effects of analysis can we ascribe it? We are resolved, then, to treat all psychological writings as we have treated Mr. Bailey's book: we shall denounce them as crimes against the community no less than as heresies in metaphysics.

ATTICUS.

Memoirs of Rachel. By Madame de B—. London: Hurst and Blackett.

(Concluded from p. 310.)

AFTER her return from her short visit to London, Rachel's popularity among her own countrymen grew into an enthusiasm such as few artists have ever succeeded in arousing. No better proof of the strength of this feeling can be found than the fact that a rival, as young and more beautiful than herself, endowed with undoubted talent, supported, moreover, by a powerful clique of partisans, and among them the great Janin himself, disgusted, like many others, at the sordid meanness of the Jewess, failed in opposing for a moment the career of the triumphant *tragédienne*. It was the partial success of this rival, Mlle. Maxime, in *Phèdre*, that induced Rachel to try that extremely difficult part. But it was in "Marie Stuart," where the rivals were brought face to face, that the discomfiture of Mlle. Maxime was effected. No doubt the following description of the scene by Madame de B— is highly coloured in favour of the heroine; but it is so far true, that from that time forward no attempt was made to compare the two actresses as equals:

Every time poor Maxime appeared, one portion of the house maintained a disdainful silence; a tacit condemnation which her own few but brave partisans reverted to the full whenever Rachel came on. Both camps anxiously awaited the decisive third act. It amply justified their solicitude. The silence that reigned throughout the house was almost oppressive. Elizabeth (Maxime), pale, disheartened, seeing too well the tide was against her, feeling instinctively she was doomed, knowing her incapacity to resist or escape the impending avalanche, trembled with impotent rage. Every word she uttered revealed the bitterness and grief of her burthened heart. Marie Stuart (Rachel) on her side, passive and motionless, accepted all the withering contumely heaped upon her; with bent head, folded arms, and steady, calm, glittering eye, she waited—waited patiently—but there was something so appalling, so deadly in the look, that a shudder went through the audience; every one felt that the patience was that of the tiger secure of his prey, who has noted the very place where his fangs will be thrust into the quivering flesh of the victim. When, at last, it was her turn to speak, the very ones who had expected the explosion were thunderstruck. No pen can render the frenzied passion, the terrific vehemence, the scorching indignation with which she poured forth her pent-up fury. Her voice, lately so weak and exhausted, strengthened by her imperious will, hurled forth anathemas that fell like sledge-hammers on the crushed Maxime, who, breathless, amazed, terrified, beyond measure, gazed at her with wild eyes. The scene was magnificent, and beggars description. No one could have believed such meaning could be given to the pale, meagre, wishy-washy translation of Lebrun; no one ever suspected the strength, the fire contained in Rachel. Her irritated self-love had developed all her resources; she had attained every perfection save one, the most prized, most valuable—tears.

Of poor Mlle. Maxime, we are told that "she sank at once into insignificance; and although she remained ten years upon the stage, the public never took any especial notice of her. She is now keeping at *hôtel garni*, rue de la Michodière, in Paris. *Phèdre* lets furnished lodgings, with board, if required."

In 1842 Rachel paid a very short visit to England. Her reception was not quite so enthusiastic as before. The novelty of her appearance had worn off; and the attention of the London public was somewhat diverted from the great *tragédienne* by the presence among them of two comic favourites from the other side of the Channel—Bouffé and Déjazet. Disgusted with what Madame de B— is pleased to term "the fickleness of the English public," Rachel found a sovereign balm for the slight to her genius in a very profitable tour through Belgium. This speculation answered so well, that we are told

that "twelve nights put more than 30,000 francs in the pocket of the celebrated actress."

In 1844 Rachel attained her majority, and lost no time in freeing herself from "the paternal grippe that had hitherto been fastened on her earnings." This was not to be wondered at; but her conduct to her family was none the less liberal because she took that prudent step. It is a well-known feature in the Jewish character, that in proportion as they are graspingly avaricious and meanly parsimonious in their dealings with the rest of the world, so are they liberal, even to profuseness, among themselves, and especially towards their own families. We suppose that this arises from their old division into tribes, and from the peculiar manner in which they have been kept apart from the rest of the world. At any rate, Rachel possessed the feeling in an extraordinary degree, and constantly manifested it in her dealings with her family. When she set up her household apart from her parents, she left them all the furniture which belonged to herself, and gave her father a pension of 12,000 francs per annum, and her mother one of 4000 francs, for her own private use. "These sums," says Madame de B—, "were paid yearly with great regularity." To all the other members of the family she was equally kind. Sarah's pockets were frequently replenished and her debts discharged by Rachel's purse; and her brother Raphael Felix was the constant and never-satisfied recipient of her bounty. Afterwards, when her starring tours became organised into a system, Rachel insisted upon forcing Raphael and the other members of the family upon the public; and although he was intolerable as an actor, and was without the slightest pretensions to talent of any kind, his name appeared in all the contracts for a good round sum. It is but fair to admit that this kindness was in some measure repaid by a devotion which sometimes manifested itself in a peculiar manner:

All the Felixes have been accustomed to look to Rachel, and with good reason, as their mainstay and support. They repay and keep up the flow of generosity by a continual adoration of the idol that sometimes takes the most ludicrous forms. When she plays, the mother and sisters go off into ecstasies of delight, clapping their hands, crying out, Brava! bravissima!—vociferating, "Was ever the like seen! She is an angel! Adorable! divine!" &c., and ending the farce by throwing their ready-prepared bouquets on the stage. It requires the really extraordinary talent of Rachel to make managers tolerate these silly scenes.

From what has been said, it will be gathered that Madame de B—'s volumes consist of a sort of diary of her performances, arranged with more or less chronological accuracy, seasoned with anecdotes illustrative of her curious idiosyncracy. As it would be tedious and unnecessary to follow the former, we shall do nothing more than quote a few of the more amusing among the latter, and pass on to the closing events of her career:

RACHEL AND THE PINEAPPLE.

Having occasion to give a dinner to a number of eminent personages, she ordered her dessert at Chevet's. Among the expensive hothouse fruit selected was a pineapple. At this epoch (1848) so few dinners were given, that it was scarcely worth while to import this tropical fruit; it was consequently rare and dear. Rather than give the exorbitant price asked (70 francs) for the one she desired should form the pinnacle of her pyramidal dessert, yet unwilling to give up the pleasure of seeing it admired there, she chose a compromise and hired it. Unfortunately, she had been accompanied to Chevet's by a mischievous friend, who, at dessert, wickedly suggested to one of the noble guests the cutting of the ornamental summit. As the duke inserted the knife into the sacred fruit, the hostess, losing all command of her feelings, uttered a piercing shriek. "Was the heart of Mlle. Rachel hidden in that pine?" queried a well-known poet. Nothing could restore the good humour of the *tragédienne*. She had not hesitated to give a dinner that cost her 1200 francs. She was wretched at having been disappointed in her scheme to save 70 francs.

A SILVER BATH.

Shortly after she had attained her majority, she had gone to Marseilles, where, for one night's performance, she was to receive 3000 francs. On the day after the performance the money was brought to her in a chest. At that time gold was not the common medium of circulation it has since become, and payments, even of large sums, were often made in silver. Rachel was recently emancipated from the parental trammels, she had never had in her own possession anything like this amount. At sight of this box, full of five franc pieces, this quantity of money, all hers, her eyes dilated and fastened upon it with an intensity that was almost painful to behold; to use her own words, worthy of an actress accustomed to a tragic

style, she felt the ferocious joy of an animal that has the long wished-for prey within its clutches. There was no childish exultation, no outward delight, none of the exultant pride of the girl who has by her own exertions earned a large sum, no feminine feelings of pleasant anticipation of the many pretty fancies this sum could gratify—no, it was a quiet, inward, savage enjoyment of the money itself; independent of all associations generally connected with it. She ordered the box to be placed before her by her bedside, and, plunging her hands into it, kept stirring the silver about.

The story about the guitar has been so generally quoted that we merely allude to it, in order to note that it explodes the anecdote which has been circulated to the prejudice of her heirs, that they had the ingratitude to sell the guitar with which she had gained a precarious livelihood about the streets. It is a curious example of the spirit in which these memoirs are written, that, after regaling her readers with a heap of these and similar scandals, swept up from under every tea-table and out of the corners of every green-room in Paris, Madame de B—— should burst out with—

Yet with all her faults, it will be long perhaps before Nature will gift another of her children as richly as she has Rachel, and unite in one being her genius, her intuitive conception of the sublime and the beautiful, her extraordinary power of expressing what she so perfectly conceives, her grand, pagan qualities, her Greek, statue-like figure, her majesty of brow and attitude, her quiet dignity of manner. If we lose her we may well say: *There is a great spirit gone.*

The last sentence is a convincing proof of what appears everywhere in the book, that it was written during the lifetime of Rachel, for the purpose doubtless of forestalling rival memoir writers upon the event of her foreseen death.

The important aid which Rachel rendered to the Provisional Government of 1848 by her effective recital of "La Marseillaise" is too well known to be passed over. Although it was but one in a series of events from one end to the other theatrical, it stands forth conspicuous above the rest through the consummate skill of the actress. Madame de B——'s description is, of course, highly coloured, but it will pass muster for fine writing with many.

Having laid aside the peplum of Camille, she appeared between the acts attired in a long and very full white muslin dress; she wore no ornament in her dark hair; in her right hand she held the tri-coloured flag. Never had her features, well suited and accustomed as they were to a tragic look, worn so terrible an expression as they did at that moment. As she came on towards the footlights, with a slow majestic tread, an undefined sensation of fear thrilled the audience, even before she had uttered a word. The countenance was of a livid hue, the eyebrows, swerving from their finely-drawn lines, wreathed like small serpents over the dark eye, glowing in its blood-red orbit with a strange wild fire, telling a bitter tale of past wrong and of present revolt, of long-cherished, unquenched hatred, of fierce, pitiless revenge; the lips were pregnant with unuttered maledictions; the nostrils, passionately dilated, seemed like those of the war-horse, to scent from afar the carnage of the battlefield. The whole figure in its terrific grace, its sinister beauty, was a magnificent representation of the implacable Nemesis of antiquity, and struck every heart with terror and admiration. Raising her arm with a motion which, throwing back the wide sleeve, left it bare to the shoulder, she commenced the hymn:

"Allons, enfants de la patrie."

She did not sing, she did not declaim, she uttered it somewhat after the fashion of the ancient melopeia, something between a chant and a recitation, to which her tones, at times sharp and harsh, at others hard and metallic, and then again deep and cavernous, like distant thunder, gave extraordinary effect. Her attitudes, her gestures, the motions of her head, all expressed admirably the sense of each stanza. The brow, at one moment bowed with shame and grief at the recollection of the woes and miseries she spoke, at another proudly raised as though it had just thrown off the yoke of the oppressor, the foot spurning the enslaved earth, the nerves quivering beneath the intensity of fixed resolution, all betrayed a deadly thirst for vengeance. As a finale to this splendid piece of mummery, the inimitable artist, apparently overcome by her patriotic feelings, sank on her knees, clasping to her heart the banner, the folds of which fell around her statuesque figure in the most picturesque manner; then rising abruptly, she waved the flag with the cry of "Aux armes, citoyens!" &c., to which the spectators, nearly crazed with excitement, responded with the most prolonged and deafening applause.

We pass over the disputes between Mlle. Rachel and the Théâtre Français and with M. Legouvé. The former was the natural consequence of her avarice, combined with her appre-

ciation of her own value to the establishment. Feeling sure that she was the lion, she was resolved to have the lion's share. In the dispute with the amiable and accomplished author of "Medée," she was altogether in the wrong, although in England we find it difficult to understand the policy of a law which will compel an actress to perform a part which she has accepted, or pay damages to the author.

It was in 1855 that Rachael first felt the historic throne, which up to that time she had filled so royally, totter beneath her. The coming to Paris of Adelaida Ristori was beyond all doubt the event which first opened Rachel's eyes to the unpleasant fact that she was not without a rival, and perhaps a superior. To any woman in such a position, even were she less greedy both of money and admiration than Rachel, such a discovery must have been almost insupportable,—to Rachel it was death. But the worst feature of the calamity was that it could not be doubted. This terrible rival was not the creature of a faction of malcontents, dissatisfied with the rule of the legitimate sovereign of the stage, and resolved to set up a pretender in her stead. In such a rival there could have been little to dread; for in the end the public would have decided the matter, and the crown must have returned to its proper owner. But here Rachel herself decided that she was at least equalled; she paid Ristori the involuntary tribute of jealousy. When she first beheld this great actress upon the stage her conduct was characteristic of her nature. Myrrha was the part in which Madame Ristori made the greatest impression upon the Paris public—a triumph of art which our prudery, which will tolerate a "Pericles," and even a "Traviata," prevents London audiences from enjoying; and it was in this that Rachel first saw her.

Madame de B—— related that "during the tragedy she had steadfastly gazed at Myrrha with mute, concentrated attention, but without giving the slightest token of approval." But she might have added that when the curtain fell the Queen of the Théâtre Français paid the new comer the additional tribute of indulging in a fit of hysterics. Determined, however, not to succumb without a struggle, Rachel, who had refused to play any more that season, sent a note that evening to M. Arsène Houssaye, desiring him to put "Camille" in the bills for performance on the following night. And when Ristori, in her turn, became the auditor, and Rachel the actress, how different was the conduct of the generous, warm-hearted, true daughter of genius from that of the cold, calculating, selfish Jewess. "Her approbation was not silent; it was openly and exceedingly enthusiastic, bestowed with all the Italian *fougue*. She took her glass from her eye only to applaud, and ceased to applaud only to take it up again and resume her admiring gaze." The struggle was too much for Rachel, and her trip to America, which had long been in contemplation, was doubtless hastened in order that she might remove herself from influences so galling and so discouraging to her vanity.

At this place something might be said by way of comparison between the relative merits of Rachel and Ristori, something of the schools which they respectively represent; but, as that is a subject too large to be made the episode upon a review of Madame de B——'s book, we shall take another opportunity of dealing with it.

The American trip was, as our readers will remember, somewhat of a failure when gauged by the extravagant expectations which the Felix family had built upon it. The whole tribe of them accompanied their great sister; there was Sarah, Leah, Dinah, and the inevitable Raphael. The whole story of the expedition, as told by Madame de B——, is a curious exhibition of the grasping nature of these good folks. The pecuniary results were, after all, not so bad; for Rachel remitted to Europe, as her own individual share, a sum of 300,000 francs. This, however, did not satisfy her by any means, for she had calculated upon getting a sum of money at least equal to that which Jenny Lind gained by her American tour.

It was in America that the accident happened which developed the latent seeds of the disease which finally carried her off. She caught a severe cold, and in her eagerness after money refused the advice of her physicians, who prescribed rest and quiet. The result was, that she returned to Europe with all the symptoms of a developed consumption. And now she deemed no sacrifice too great for the recovery of her lost health. She goes everywhere in search of it—to

Egypt, to Montpellier, finally to a villa near Cannes, where the closing scene took place. We forbear to quote the description of that event with which Madame de B—— has favoured her readers. It is as highly coloured and more improbable than anything else in a book which is filled with exaggerations and misrepresentations, for we must declare our utter disbelief in the veracity of a picture which represents Rachel making the ending of a saint. Her interview with a *quondam* admirer a short time before her death is much more like the truth.

Prince Napoleon, when at Marseilles, made an excursion to Cannes and visited the poor invalid, who was deeply moved by this proof of his Imperial Highness's kind remembrance. She could no longer sit up, but the wish to appear to advantage still ruled the heart whose beats were numbered. To receive the visit with which she was to be honoured she had caused herself to be dressed in an elegant quilted white silk *peignoir*; a profusion of rich lace concealed the emaciated neck and wrists, and a pretty morning cap shaded the pale cheeks.

As soon as Rachel was dead, her heirs, according to the directions of her will, offered all her goods and chattels for sale. Even in this act, the same spirit of puffery and money-getting which had animated all their proceedings did not desert this interesting family:

Great ingenuity was exerted in order to make the most of the prestige attached to everything that had belonged to Rachel. Every article was classed, and a number of catalogues were distributed all over the country. The sale was pompously announced, and private and public exhibition-days appointed, with all the ceremonial of *sergents de ville* to guard the treasures and *cicerones* to explain them.

So far there was nothing very objectionable in the exhibition. It was probably necessary that the plate, jewels, and other articles should be sold in order to make a division of the property in accordance with the will of the deceased. But it really seemed unnecessary as well as grossly indecent to make a public exhibition and sale of the personal linen of the *tragédienne*. If the family could not make some arrangement among themselves with regard to such articles, they might at least have been more privately disposed of. The whole stock—and it was a larger one than many ready-made linen warehouses contain—together with the dresses, shawls, and laces, was set down in a separate catalogue, and displayed in the bed-chamber. The petticoats of Adrienne Lecourrur and the hose of Marie Stuart were to be knocked down to the highest bidder, as well as the plenum of Camille and mantle of Phèdre.

And so they parted their garments among them, even as Madame de B—— has divided her reputation, leaving us in doubt whether to admire most the magnificent qualities of Rachel as an artist, or to feel disgusted at her demerits as a woman.

The Life and Times of Dante. By R. DE VERI-COUR, Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in the Queen's University, Ireland. London: J. F. Hope, 16, Great Marlborough-street.

We have here another offering from an ardent admirer of Dante.

Since the commencement of the nineteenth century there have been published forty different editions of the "Divina Commedia," and upwards of eighty commentaries in the Italian language alone, exclusive of the many translations into German, English, &c.—and this though Dante cannot properly be called a popular poet. He is, indeed, peculiarly the poet of the scholar, and to accurately understand his masterpiece, the "Divina Commedia," requires a correspondingly accurate knowledge of the age and country in which its great author lived. Something, too, of the difficulty of this great poem must be ascribed to the changes inevitable in a living language during a period of more than five centuries. However, thoroughly to appreciate those magic verses, which have been at once the delight and despair of toiling commentators and translators, is a task far beyond the powers of *dilettanti* students of Italian; it is, indeed, beyond the powers of most save those who have made that language their especial study. The author of the book before us is, as we have said, an ardent admirer of Dante; and, we must admit, he seems to have a right to speak with some authority as to the poet's merits. Dante is to him a *poeta poetarum*, nay, even Homer, Shakspere, and Milton, are but quoted to show some superior excellence in his darling bard. Yet, while we cannot arraign the verdict which places Dante in the very foremost rank of poets, we can scarcely assent to the opinion which the Professor entertains for him as

a man. To the author of this book Dante is not only the most admirable of poets, but the most faultless of created beings. We know, indeed, that we must not measure the "genus irritable vates" by the rules applied to every-day mortals; but we see no reason for trying to exalt the perfect poet into the perfect man. Dante was no better and no worse than the majority of his contemporaries; and his naturally imperious temper was too often lashed into extravagant fury, by circumstances perhaps incidental to the evil days on which he had fallen. He does not appear to have lived happily with his wife—a not uncommon incident in the lives of great poets; and of the excessive irritability of his temper some amusing anecdotes are related in the fourth chapter. Professor de Vericour says, "No doubt his habits of contemplation and metaphysical felicity did not allow much room for that which is usually understood by domestic happiness;" though we apprehend that metaphysics, in themselves, do not necessarily engender domestic strife, as we cannot help remembering that perhaps the first of modern metaphysicians was remarkable for the kindness and domesticity of his character. With regard to Dante's having never mentioned his wife, the Professor suggests that his silence was in accordance with the manners of the age in which he lived, and that he might, moreover, have felt a repugnance to associating an earthly, profane remembrance with his poetical ideal.

It will be impossible, within the narrow limits of this paper, to give any but the faintest outline of the poet's life. Those who wish to obtain an accurate knowledge of the life and times of Dante we can refer to no better book than the one before us. The connection of the feuds and factions of Florence, or rather Italy, with Dante's poems, has given an interest to those times which politically they scarcely deserve, and doubtless has added considerably to the difficulty of his works; but it is perhaps not going too far to say, that it is owing to those very feuds that Dante was a poet. Exempted from his fiery trials, he would probably have exhausted his genius in furtive poetical pieces and brilliant essays; and the rival of Homer and Shakspere would perhaps have scarcely borne comparison with Petrarch.

Dante was born in the year 1265. He was the son of a judge of the family of the Alighieri, by his second wife; and, as in the mythological ages personages of after celebrity were usually supposed to be ushered into life by some prodigy or vision, so we find that Dante's mother had hers, portending the future fame of her great son. He was born at Florence, where he received his early education, and we are told that he early mastered the "Tresor," the learned compilation of his master, Brunetto Latini. The "Tresor," as we are informed, is a sort of encyclopedia or universal dictionary: it treats of sacred, profane, and natural history; of geography, astronomy, and the science of government: its sources are from Aristotle, Plato, Terence, Sallust, Cicero, Horace, Juvenal, Pliny, and St. Bernard. It was probably as dull a work as most such compilations; but the curious may satisfy themselves on this point, as there are no less than twelve manuscript copies still extant in Paris. Two at least of these authors, viz., Plato and Aristotle, exercised great influence on the mind of Dante; his great classical favourite appears to be one not mentioned in this list, Virgil. The two former writers, however, he probably studied by the aid of a translation only, as he appears to have been unacquainted with Greek, or at least with Greek sufficient to read such difficult authors in the original. Dante beautifully describes in the "Vita Nuova" his first meeting with Beatrice, then a child, between eight and nine years old, he himself being but a few months her senior. It was not till nine years afterwards that he published his first sonnet, on the occasion of his meeting Beatrice in some public place, apparently a street: he tells how she was dressed in white, and stood between two ladies older than herself. It was then that she bowed to him for the first time with exquisite grace, and then for the first time he felt that he was a poet. This sonnet was followed by a number of other poetical compositions, in all of which are found allusions to Beatrice. Notwithstanding, the lady married another in 1287, a knight named Simon de Bardi. Her death followed in 1290. It was probably fortunate for the fame of Beatrice that she did not become the wife of Dante. Husbands rarely deify their own wives; and it is quite possible that had Dante married Beatrice,

her memory, instead of being ennobled to all time in the "Divina Commedia," would, like Petrarch's Laura, have survived but in a few sonnets. Some years previous to Beatrice's death, Dante had commenced a Latin poem with the intention of entitling it "Hell." He was, as we have said, a warm admirer of Virgil; but had he confined himself to the composition of Latin verse, he would probably have scarcely rivalled that fifth-rate poet, Silius Italicus, whose verses read like a *cento* of Virgil. It must, however, be remembered that, up to Dante's time, he was scarcely considered worthy of the name of poet in Italy, who composed in the vernacular language; and Dante was the first who, writing in Italian, won the laurel crown hitherto reserved for Latin poetasters.

The political life of Dante we shall not touch on: to do so, indeed, would require us to give a sketch of the history of the Italy of that time; but we can refer our readers to the work before us for an admirable account of mediæval Italy. Nor shall we now notice Dante's earlier works. Enthusiastic admirers of the poet have indeed made the discovery that these works were, so to speak, the prelude and preparation for his great poem, and that they must be read by all who wish thoroughly to understand it. Professor de Vericour says they were not generally appreciated by his countrymen, and we doubt whether they are much read now, save by scholars. In two extant lists of the proscribed still figures the name of Dante Alighieri—in the first list sentenced to a heavy fine and banishment, for alleged corruptions and other crimes; in the second, made public two months afterwards, condemned for contumacy to be burned alive, if ever he fell into the hands of the Republic. Of his subsequent history we know comparatively little. He soon, from disgust and despair, ceased to co-operate with the expelled party in the vain effort of effecting a return to Florence by force. For nineteen years, until his death, he was a wanderer and a fugitive from his country. Probably to this circumstance we chiefly owe the many allusions to scenes of travel which are so thickly scattered throughout the "Divina Commedia," whether we have the mountain gorge, shrouded in mist or clad in wintry snow, closely painted from some pass of the Alps or Apennines; or the ship slowly backing out of the harbour, the diver loosening the fouled anchor, or the exile taking his last farewell of the shore. Dante never returned to Florence; and rumour tells us, somewhat doubtfully, that he visited Paris, and even Oxford. We know, however, but little of his wanderings until we find him at Ravenna, at length a cherished guest. There he died, on the 14th of September 1321; and there he still rests, in a small solitary chapel, built by Venetian hands. Florence, indeed, laid claim to the bones of her most famous son, but, rightly we think, had not her claim allowed. We quote Boccaccio's description of the poet's personal appearance: "Dante was of middle height, with a slight stoop when he attained a mature age. His demeanour was noble, with an expression of gentleness and benevolence; his face was long, his nose aquiline, the eyes rather large than small, a chin somewhat long, with the under-lip projecting beyond the upper one; his complexion was dark, his beard and hair thick, dark, and curly. The expression of his physiognomy was that of thoughtfulness and melancholy."

Before closing this notice, we must briefly advert to that great work on which the fame of Dante principally rests—that work in which extravagant panegyrist have discovered the germs of all the most important modern discoveries, and the author of which they have not scrupled to prefer to Homer, and for the elucidation of which professorships were founded in more than one great Italian city. Dante is not, and, we think, never will be, a popular poet; the subject of his great poem is one that repels rather than attracts, and, though often relieved by episodes of unparalleled beauty, it is, as a whole, unattractive to most save the scholar. In Dante are to be found but few of those indirect charms which spring from the subtle construction and graceful use of language: he has indeed but little of the *curiosa felicitas verborum* in his poem; he never uses words for their own sake, but only as they give the clearest and sharpest stamp to that thought which is uppermost in his mind. Hence he is often obscure and abrupt, not seldom even uncouth. But it is not in its details that the "Divina Commedia" is to be judged, but in its complete and perfect unity,

Nowhere else in the whole range of poetry is the balance so evenly held, indicating what man is and what he might be; and though individual poets have doubtless excelled him as exponents of various phases and shades of life, in vast and truthful comprehensiveness Dante has no rival. How difficult then it is to be the interpreter of such a mind as Dante, those best know who have most faithfully studied his great poem. And after all it must be admitted that the extra fastidious reader will in Dante find much that may be reasonably objected to. No great poet ever yet laid himself so open to the charge of grotesqueness and extravagance—a charge which cannot be repelled by instancing the parallel extravagance of the age in which he lived; for other writers, far inferior indeed to Dante in strength and vigour of conception, do not thus equally offend us. In him almost everything is sacrificed to force. So in his poetry we have mystic words intended to represent the incomprehensible song of the blessed; nay, we have ill-sounding barbarisms to express the shouts of demons or the confusion of Babel. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that the "Divina Commedia" is in itself an outline of universal history, admirable indeed to those whose knowledge is correspondingly universal, but a sealed book to the mass of readers. Into Dante's spacious gallery are admitted persons of all ages and climes. Nor is there anything incongruous in this mixture. There, each seeming to fill his own place, are met patriarch, apostle, and heathen sage, kings, rulers, philosophers, and poets; nay, the great names even of fable are there—the giants, the centaurs, the heroes of Thebes and Troy; those only are denied an entrance whose mediocrity scarcely distinguishes them from the rest of their fellow mortals. To be famous or infamous gives an equal right of admission; and the neophyte is almost equally awe-struck with the mystic happiness of the former as with the inconceivably horrible punishments of the latter. Within some of those magic spaces, whether termed circles, cornices, or heavens, are to be found the representatives of nearly every age and land, of nearly all history, sacred and profane. In physiology, too, in natural philosophy and medicine, the poet is equally at home; often, doubtless, incorrect, but ever apparently abreast with the foremost of his own age in each branch of knowledge. To the surpassing excellence of many of the passages in the "Divina Commedia" we have already alluded—passages whose beauties no translation can utterly dim, and of which it is not too much to say that they will bear comparison with the very choicest extracts from the greatest poets of ancient or modern times. In conclusion, we can heartily recommend to our readers the book before us; it is evidently a scholar's labour of love, and by far the best introduction in our language to Dante's works that we remember to have seen. We cannot help, however, regretting that it was not further revised after leaving the hands of the author. Frequent violations of idiomatic English are apparent throughout its pages, and passages of great and genuine eloquence are often almost fatally marred by this defect; it is one, however, that can be easily remedied when this book reaches, as we feel pretty confident it will, a second edition.

The Struggles of a Young Artist: being a Memoir of David C. Gibson. By A Brother Artist.

London: James Nisbet and Co.

BARRING THAT matter of the suicide, it is well for Chatterton that he died young. Compilers of picturesque biographical novelettes like Professor Masson, who care more for effect than they do for veracity, would have found a sorry subject in a man who openly repented of the error of the Rowley deception; married three times and had a numerous family; became an alderman of his native city; found refuge and employment in a leather store upon the quays, and a villa with coach-house and stabling in the Clifton suburb; sat under the refreshing snuffle of some gifted local Methodist; withdrew the Satires, and healed the satirised with dinners; and died when eighty-three, and weighing seventeen stone. This would have been a respectable Chatterton—a commonplace Chatterton—a very unproductive Chatterton to those who are seeking for the marvellous and the dramatic; but for one sketch that we have now of the career of the Bristol boy we should then, in all probability, have had a dozen. The floodgates of moral disquisition would have been thrown widely open, and the facts of such a life would have been eagerly seized as material and

text for a hundred sermon-biographies. From this treatment the Chatterton of history at least is free; the pens of such dainty biographers only touching him when they want a warning, and not an example. Not so the late unhappy Mr. David C. Gibson. In addition to being a young painter of some promise, he had the misfortune to be wild at twenty-five and repentant at twenty-seven, and in such a case not even private friendship could close the prying eye and stop the reckless recording pen of the sermon-biographer. For a small book of scarcely two hundred pages small octavo, this memoir has more than its share of the errors and bad taste which deface more ambitious productions of a similar kind. Family details are given that were never meant for the rude gaze of the public eye; letters are published that have no earthly interest, either as literary efforts or as adding to the information already known concerning the highly-gifted being of the biography; fugitive verses are printed for the first time in large quantities—fifty degrees below aristocratic annual or genteel album proof; and specimens of wit and humour are recorded with that fine sense of the ludicrous which is always a distinguishing quality of the sermon-biographer. And yet, with all this detail crowded into a limited space, there is a veil of mystery thrown over certain portions of the memoir, that can only excite the curiosity of the readers at the expense of the dead artist. We are darkly told that he was gay and dissipated, and the Haymarket and Drury-lane are also hinted at. The first suggests the opera, and the last the legitimate drama; but the depth of the aching void, and the violence of the soul-agonies, are equal to murder, burglary, and arson, with the habitual use of the knuckle-duster. If it is the syren blandishment of the Casino, and the temptation of an occasional wrenched knocker, that "A Brother Artist" is obscurely alluding to, why not say so like a man, and not leave us to grope our way over ground in the dark, that on one side is sacred to the memory of Mr. Greenacre, and on the other to Jerry Abershaw.

Another and a graver fault we have to find with the book. Its tendency, as far as it goes, is to foster in the follower of art that love of and dependence upon patrons which we fondly—perhaps too fondly—believed to be dying out. Why are we constantly presented with that eternal picture of the struggling child of genius, sometimes faltering despairingly, and flourishing a Micawber razor in a topmost garret, sometimes looking hungrily at the arsenic through the doctor's windows? Why is he always struggling? Why are artists (and we may include literary men) always taught that they are unlike other human beings, following a profession that is incapable of receiving the application of the homely business qualities of industry, regularity, and perseverance?

Until art and literature are regarded as any other ordinary trade, there is little hope for the followers of either profession. The man who works steadily and conscientiously, demanding and obtaining his market-price, although only one of these amusing vagabonds, is not likely to prove a very bad member of society, or to leave his family to be provided for by benevolent comic-singers.

Let us do away with cant. An apprenticeship to watch-making is not called a "struggle," and there is no universal whine of indignant pity because a young glass-blower is sometimes compelled to make a dinner of a lump of peas-pudding upon a cabbage leaf. Let us go to work. Inspiration may sometimes be found by commonplace determination, when the electro-plated genius is sitting with his finger upon his temple in the most approved attitude, waiting for the divine influence until the crack of doom.

Preaching, Prosing and Puseyism. By FELTHAM BURGHLEY, Author of "Sonnets," and "Sir Edwin Gilderoy." London: Hope.

In a former article we bestowed praise on Mr. Burghley's Sonnets—none of which can be called perfect, but all of which contain beautiful lines and striking thoughts. In the little volume before us he has changed his hand although not checked his pride, and come out as a prose satirist of great vigour. Yet there are far nobler elements than satire in this book. There are solid and varied learning, striking imagery, passages of powerful eloquence and burning invective, a tone of manly English feeling, and a sincere regard for the real interests of the Church of England, as well as for the common cause of Christianity. Burghley

is none of your tiny bardlings of the day, who have nourished their hippocrene on slip-slop, whose reading has rarely extended beyond periodicals and albums, and who know no poetry except that of Keats, Barry Cornwall, and Gerald Massey—he is none of your small wits who strain hard to imitate Punch and Dickens—he belongs to a sterner and older school, has prepared himself for the work of an earnest and serious satirist, by the most extensive and recondite reading; and when he reminds us of other authors, it is of such men as South, Thomas Fuller, and Jonathan Swift. Indeed there are many parts of this volume which, in sarcastic force and richness, resemble the "Tale of a Tub;" while others, in strength of style, fertility of figure, and range of learning, are not unworthy of Sir Thomas Browne, Burton or Jeremy Taylor. The antique tastes and predilections of this writer are the more remarkable that he is, we understand, occupied in the routine of a London shop, and must have snatched, with vigilant care, hours for study from the whirl of business. How few in such a position possess the energy and resolution to spend their leisure in grappling with whole libraries—devouring dusty folios by the hundred—and extracting from them matter for the liveliest wit and eloquence—all bearing upon the questions of the day! This is the great merit of our author and of his book. There is nothing ephemeral in it, and yet all has a direct bearing upon the times. The voices of the past are made to ventriloquise sentiments, telling with powerful effect upon the religious controversies of the present.

The first thirteen pages are occupied with a very clever and witty descent upon "Asses," particularly the "Roman breed" of them, as abounding in the churches of England in our present day. This part reminds us exceedingly of some of the admirable digressive chapters in the "Tale of a Tub." From pp. 13 to 84, he passes from the abstract of "Assdom" to the concrete—and gives lively pictures of a number of well-known London preachers of a "certain school," along with specimens of their sermons, and a severe sarcastic commentary of his own. This portion of the book ought to make it exceedingly popular in London. There can be no doubt that Dr. Bumbleodore, Primthought, Dr. McAlpin, Gerard Anvers, and Drs. Fiddle and Diddle are drawn from the life, and are doubtless portraits as correct as they are clever, although men residing, like us, in the provinces, cannot verify the resemblance. Take the following picture of Primthought:

Very like the Dutch toy representation of Noah is Primthought as he moves along, taking short fu-sy steps with those complaisant knees of his, and preserving inviolably the uncompromising perpendicularity of his mackerel spine: red-leaved and crucified prayer-book in hand, speeds he, which, since ordination, he has never been seen without in public. Could he but be induced to sport a wide-awake he would represent the precise Dutch Noah. As it is, he looks yet more Pre-Raphaelite and antediluvian. He is like a black serge bag of bone relics, gathered as a Papistical eye for such curiosities only can gather them, and, by tradition, prove them to be remnants of antediluvian patriarchs, who rode upon Megatheriums, and were the cavalry of Chaos. Primthought's inner man is furnished much as the outward man is caparisoned. He is a modern antique. His ideas are as much a copy of mediæval opinions as a new edition of old Ockham or Aquinas could be, with this difference, that, as Locke says, the brain is but a sheet of white paper. Primthought never had enough of this sort of stationery capacity to receive a complete impression. His head, desitute of the system of the schoolmen, is like a Soulages collection, a cento of mediæval rubbish—logic without Aristotle—a nothing that occupies warehouse-room. He is the *Liber Secretorum* of Albertus Magnus—a tissue of absurdities. But Albertus serves for a milestone on the road of science and marks progress, whilst Primthought stands a symbol of nothing, except it be of the crab's disease, which is the cancer of retrogression.

There are some still better sentences on the same worthy in the next page (21st), which we have not room to quote.

The sermons put by Mr. Burghley into the mouth of the persons are doubtless characteristic in general, but sometimes we think he caricatures too much, and sometimes too little. One or two of them are nearly as dull as the original must have been. The two cleverest are those by Dr. Fiddle, on the "Spirits in Prison," and by Diddle, on "Penance." The following hit is good and Fuller-like: "The diocesan prayed in Greek,

because that is the original language of the Gospel, and by making use of it he supposed that he should thereby save the angels who conveyed it the trouble of translation."

Throughout the first and satirical portion of this remarkable little book, the author seems repressing with difficulty the poetical spirit that is in him, although sometimes it had burst out in his own despite. But from the 84th page to the close the satirist is sublimated into the indignant orator and poet. With what energy he denounces the "temporizers with holy things—the traitors who feign zeal to work ruin—the hypocrites who play the cuckoo in our nest, and from our golden eggs learn somehow to hatch destruction, and then are heard in the late summer air with hollow double note, on migratory wing, beating their lugubrious way to cursed Babylon."

He has (from page 86 onwards to 98) some excellent remarks on preaching. His notion is, that a vast majority of our preachers were never intended by nature to speak in public at all, and should bethink themselves to action instead. He maintains, what is we fear too true, that the "English, as a nation, are by nature the worst rhetoricians and orators in the world. Though our constitution demands, or rather exacts a demand, for a certain amount of public speaking, we can scarcely turn out a tolerable orator once in fifty years, and, to adopt an Hibernian mode of illustration, when we do he is an Irishman." And yet he truly says:

We want somebody to speak to us. Blair is the very perfection of Lindley Murray's eloquence; but who ever rose the better from a sermon of Blair's? Tillotson is a fine specimen of a controversialist: if any man could reason you into heaven, I think he might; but when he has arrived at the top of a mountain of inferences, and has risen at every step nearer to heaven, we feel practically as much nearer to getting there as a man would if he purposed in the body to escalate it, after climbing laboriously to the top of the Andes. Be never so plain, never so learned, never so rhetorical, never so witty, never so wise, *you must be a poet if you will be a preacher*—not a rhythmical one, perhaps, but an embodiment of truth, certainly—a re-creator of that which you have taken in—and this is to be a poet and a maker.

Yet again he asseverates that the English as a whole cannot preach or speak to the purpose. "Oh! Anglo-Saxon, most excellent of animals, most sinewy and primeat of beasts, cattle of infinite work and robustest endurance, no matter under what sun; to whom geography is not a science but an art practically trodden out by your own broad foot, in defiance of latitude and longitude; whose home is everywhere, between the equator and the poles; wonderful cosmopolite, most superb human locomotive and residential machine, increasing both in money and children in every spot under the sun! Good Saxon! stolid-brained, bighomed athlete, what put eloquence into your head! You are not (the powers above be praised!) a nation of preachers! Acts are the Evangel committed to you, go forth and preach deeds; Philip of Macedon conquers, whilst Demosthenes perorates."

The style of the above is rather Carlylish, but the sentiment is, on the whole, correct. England has produced few great orators or preachers. Chatham, undoubtedly, and Fox, and Whitfield were hers; but Scotland has bred a Chalmers, an Irving, an Erskine, a M'Intosh, half a Macaulay, and half a Brougham; and Ireland is rich in her Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Curran, Phillipps, Sheil, and a hundred more. Who, in the recent debate in the Commons most distinguished himself? Was it not Sir Hugh Cairns—an Irishman? And who is at present confessedly the most effective, if not by many degrees the most gifted, of preachers? It is Mr. Caird, late of Errol and now of Glasgow. It is significant, too, although we look upon Dr. Cumming as one of the shallowest and least sincere of thinkers, that he nevertheless exerts such popular power in London; and also that Dr. Guthrie and Norman MacLeod, when they visit the capital, attract such admiration. There is, shall we say? a certain untamed wildness in the blood of provincials—of Scotchmen—Irishmen—of Americans (witness Webster)—and even of Creoles (witness Joseph Gerald and Frederick Douglas) which, when connected with genius or high talent, or even with fluent declamation, carries all before it, and forces many to cry out as Canning did, when he heard Chalmers, "The tartan beats us all." And not only the tartan, but the brogue and the yellow vesture of Erin, the nasal tone of the Yankee, and the dark skin and supple lips of the semi-Negro, have often confounded the high-bred and exquisitely

polished English speaker. Peel himself, when O'Connell got to his altitude, had sometimes to throw down his pencil and surrender himself to involuntary and resistless admiration. Nor is D'Israeli, as an orator, one whit the worse, but all the better, of the *divine particula aurae*—the spark of Maccabean fire which burns in his veins.

There are noble things in some of Mr. Burghley's later pages—things which, manifestly gushing from his heart, find or force their way instantly into yours. Listen to this at p. 110:—"Behold the deeds of Rome, from the Vaudois in the island of mountains, holy Switzerland, to exposed Bohemia and unprotected Huss and Jerome of Prague. Hear the latter chant his solemn prophecy, as the fire kindled around him seems to convey in death a Pentecostal gift of tongues, 'Centumannis revolutio Deo respondebitis et mihi'—one century, and ye shall answer this to God and me! And true to his cycle came avenging Luther. His lion spirit quailed as he read the mildewed Bible at Erfurt, and the still monastery was to him as Araby to Paul. But soon he burst forth, 'as when a lion roareth,' his iron cage shattered as though it were of willow rods, and Luther was free. His Theses were posted on the church door of Wittemberg, and that small blow upon the lintel brought the whole fabric down. The tyranny of Rome, that foulest conspiracy of despotism against the spiritual liberty of man's mind, reeled from its seat never to recover its former supremacy, though a thousand fantastical poets, and amongst them our hair-brained nobleman ('Childe Harold,' canto iv., stanza 47th), promise her a repentant Europe. They describe her (stanza 79th),

Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe,
the 'Niobe of nations,' a petrifaction of the tears
of crocodiles: fit fate, to see stone tears wrung
from an unhuman heart of adamant. A better
and a holier poet, prophet and poet too, kindled
with cherubic fire, and led by wisdom of the
Seraphim, hath said, Babylon is fallen, is fallen;
and the hour is not far distant when the ship-
master shall stand aloof at sea, and watch the
huge incense-offering mount to Heaven, which
is the smoke of her burning."

In a softer style, but equally fine, are the closing words of the book. "Let us all take heart, for the world is a temple yet—the green turf, mosaiced with many flowers, is its pavement of surpassing glory—the trees of the forest, are ornaments more lovely wrought than the precious cedar-work of the artificers of Hiram. The birds shall be our harp and psaltery, rebec and dulcimer; old ocean and the rough wind our organ, with thunder with its diapase; and for the groined roof Heaven's concave, lit with the topaz sun by day, or at night powdered lavishly with gold, as though Creation counted stars for dust. In this proud temple, this catholic dome of high omnipotence, who cares what church may stand or fall, with all its petty paper-separations, schisms, or partitions? It matters not. Here, and in the correspondent heart of man, we have a shrine that, by God's grace and the Scriptures, never shall lack worshippers." We are glad Mr. Burghley has added the words "by God's grace and the Scriptures," for without them Immensity itself were not a much nobler temple than a wax-candle—lighted, and picture-set Puseyite chapel. Nor is there the slightest danger of true worshippers being ever driven back upon Druidism or Nature-worship in any form. The Protestant collapse shall revive, and the Popish intrude be repelled.

Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she bath split—
Perish hopeless and abhor'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

And to her shall succeed a grander, simpler, and yet more magnificent as well as more Scriptural, form of faith, obedience, and worship.

Altogether, we have much pleasure in recommending this exceedingly clever, sparkling, learned, and out-spoken brochure to all our readers. Whatever some may think of its sentiments, all competent and candid judges will grant its vigour, earnestness, power, and talent—a power which sometimes approaches the transcendent, and a talent which often overpasses the verge of true genius.

APOLLODORUS.

Country Life in Piedmont. By ANTONIO GALLENGA,
Author of "The History of Piedmont," &c.
London: Chapman and Hall.

PIEDMONT is surrounded with a halo of romance. Its associations are with the grand, the beautiful, and the luxuriant in nature; snow-capped moun-

tains, delicious valleys, fertile fields, and fat pastures; with a "bold peasantry, its country's pride," picturesquely costumed, simple in tastes, incorrupt in morals, gentle in manners, pious, industrious, frugal, and honest. Of late years the newspapers have added to these virtues a love of liberty, combined with respect for law, and have fondly sought to find in the people a similarity to ourselves, and in their government a reflection of our own.

Such is the picture painted by fancy, and which presents itself to the imaginations of those whose knowledge of Piedmont is limited to books, or possibly to a rapid transit of three days through its most civilised parts. It is thus that novelists delight to describe it; and even tourists, whose duty it should be to tell the very truth, however it may thwart cherished prejudices, are faint to flatter the popular impressions, and throw in the shadows with a partial and hesitating hand. But truth before all things: it is not right to keep up a deception merely because it is pleasant, and the man is entitled to honour who will undertake the pleasing duty of dissipating a dream and substituting for the illusion a stern reality. This M. Gallenga has done, and well done; and, coming from a native who understands the people and is familiar with his subject, who has seen and felt what he describes, his testimony is of far greater worth than that of any summer tourist, or indeed of any stranger, whatever the advantages with which his investigations were pursued.

Mr. Gallenga travelled on foot, substituting an Italian "banditti hat" for the English cap, and thus he made himself at home with the people. The first characteristic which he notes is the unbounded hospitality everywhere to be found. Whether as cause or effect, the inns are "of the most wretched description; hence the eagerness of the people to save the traveller from the miseries of their accommodation."

Curiosity mingles with kindness in their eagerness to see strangers within their doors, and any wayfarer who chooses to make himself agreeable, or who by his manners and habits can break the monotony of their sequestered existence, repays them amply for any comfort it may be their good luck to have in store for him. The cordiality of the Piedmontese never belied itself, so far as I am concerned, at least; and I am at the present moment staying at a house where they "took me in" for one day, and now coolly propose that I should prolong my stay for a month.

But the inhabitants have suffered severely, first from the vine disease, and then by a number of fearful tempests:

All along the picturesque road which they here call "*la strada della Serra*," from Ivrea to Biella, I have seen hundreds and thousands of magnificent trees, chiefly tall, pine-like walnut trees, torn up by the roots, and crushing vines and maize fields under their weight, the wreck and havoc of the whirlwind and storm I alluded to. Imagine, there is scarcely a house, barn, or church, in the whole territory of Biella, that has not been in need of a completely new roof, every tile of the old one being shattered to fragments by the pitiless hail. There is hardly a garden but has to be altogether re-stocked with new plants, as the few old ones left standing are so scorched and blasted as to allow no hope of recovery.

With all this, the Piedmontese are a cheerful race. They share what they have with the visitor, and all classes vie in the exercise of this virtue of agricultural populations:

A drop left in the glass, or a glass left in the bottle, is considered a sign of ill manners in Piedmont; and the rustic who is invited to drink invariably turns his glass downwards when he has done, to show his entertainer how thoroughly he has acquitted himself of his task. Ten to one, too, the man who has been plying you with wine till he can force no more down your throat, will take you to his neighbour's house, and this latter to another neighbour's; and as every visit is merely a repetition of the same libations, the ushering in of a stranger into a Piedmontese circle becomes tolerably irksome, and may prove somewhat dangerous in the long run. Little will it avail a poor wight to shirk the wine, for then he will be plied with coffee, liqueurs, &c., and allowed no peace till his host has obtained an answer to his inexorable "What will you take?"

At this time the country is suffering severely from taxation imposed to pay the expenses of the Crimean war. Fearing the effects of the terrible grape disease, the fruit is gathered unripe, and yields very sour wine. But they bear their troubles and privations with a patient dignity that commands respect:

They take you over their fields and gardens and vineyards: they show you the spot where the great cedar, or cypress, or weeping-willow shaded their house—where the arbour threw its cool, impenetrable

shadow over their favourite walk. There is no murmur, no peevish despondency over the loss they have sustained. It is only sad, solemn, patient regret, such as might be felt by one pointing to the dead body or the untimely grave of a beloved person. It is all "The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away." It is not because the destruction of their vineyard leaves them poorer by a year's income that they mourn, you would say; it is because that vineyard was part and parcel of their house and home, an object of family love and pride, for the loss of which, wealth never, and time only after long waiting, can make up.

There is much simplicity of manners. "The family" exists there as once in England. The domestics are usually a part of the household, and not, as now with us, a distinct establishment, having distinct interests, and living in a state of almost perpetual warfare. The servant is a humble friend; the master an honoured relative. The behaviour of the women is frank, unsuspicious, and guileless, because there is no thought of wrong:

Unquestionably there is, in the free and easy, naïve, primitive language used before women, and sometimes by the women themselves, in this country—in their readiness, nay anxiety, to call things by their names—enough to startle, and shock, and revolt the more fastidious ears of an English, and still more of an American, lady. Undoubtedly there are things in nature that ought never to be mentioned to ears polite, and the remotest allusion to which should be conveyed in the most adroit and delicate manner, and only in cases of absolute necessity. The Italians are guilty of dwelling with almost especial fondness on topics that were better, and that could be in many instances, let alone,

Here, however, commendation ends. In other respects, in all that is termed civilisation, Piedmont is "nearly two centuries in arrear." The roads are vile, and they have become worse since 1848, the Government having devoted all its energies to the railroads. Near the capital they are worse than in the remoter districts:

Indeed, all round the capital, and quite at its gates, even on the great post-road which, from Mont Cenis, leads to Lombardy, we have nothing better than either a desert or a swamp; dust three feet deep in dry weather—mud hardly fordable after three days of rain. Let no mounted lover of romantic promenades venture ten yards beyond the town avenues, or the Place d'Armes; the big, loose, treacherous stones, with which the people make their roads, will be sure to break the horse's shins and knees, if not the neck of the rider himself. But let us keep to the pattern roads of the Canavese. Imagine that the distance between Castellamonte and Turin is only fifteen Piedmontese, that is, about two-and-twenty English miles. A common stage-coach in England, as the road is a downright level, as smooth as a billiard-table, would run over it in two hours. I have myself walked it in little more than five hours, and, by the bye, the people here never cease wondering at such an astounding feat of pedestrianism. Well, we have two diligences or omnibuses plying daily between this place and the capital, and under favourable circumstances the journey is performed in four and a half or five hours. A little rain or frost in winter, however, or a prolonged drought in summer, accumulate such prodigious depths of mud or dust, as to lengthen out the journey to seven, eight, or even ten hours.

The inns are worse than the roads; and few foreign travellers will endure for a second time their noise, dirt, fleas, and wretched fare:

The most grievous evils to be complained of may be epitomised in noise, dirt, and universal disorder and confusion. There are no bellropes in Italian inns, or only ropes with no bells to them, or only ropes and bells with no waiters to answer them. A chambermaid is an unknown rather than a rare bird in this climate: all the service allotted to her in England or Germany is performed by *camerieri*, or waiters, warranted to do everything, and expected to be in an indefinite number of places at the same time. This substitution of male for female attendants, so derogatory to the dignity of the stronger sex, is also decisive as to the want in these establishments of tidiness, decency, and cleanliness—virtues belonging to feminine instinct; and the popping in of an unwashed, lubberly fellow, to answer a summons from the sanctuary of a well-bred, delicate English lady or young lady, has been sufficient, in more than one instance, to empty a French or Italian house of all its guests, and to set the *Times* or "Murray's Handbook" for ever against it.

The labouring population habitually subsist on food which, if given to English criminals or paupers, would cause an insurrection:

Their *polenta*, or Indian-meal porridge, which would be a substantial and relishable food, becomes distasteful and even unwholesome, by being their constant, almost exclusive nourishment. That whole families will go through the year with scarcely a taste of fresh meat once a fortnight or a month, will

hardly be credited in England; nor will it be easy to conceive how, in a country where in ordinary years the vintage would supply the wants of six times the actual population, the labouring man has often to drink water the winter through, merely from want of vats, casks, and other necessary vessels; all the while the rank grapes are literally rotting on the branches. Their houses, which, although solid and sufficiently spacious, are so dilapidated and squalid as to be scarcely distinguishable from the abode of unclean animals, would yet be good enough in the summer-time for a people, and in a country, where shelter at that season is hardly needed by day or night; but they become worse than useless in the short but cruelly sharp winter months, when the deplorable scarcity of fuel, consequent on the destruction of the woods, drives them from their hearth, and compels them to herd and huddle with the cattle in their stables—their low, noisome, air-tight, suffocating stables—whereby they only emerge in the spring, green and yellow from long seclusion and exposure to the miasmas of a mephitic atmosphere.

"Society" in Piedmont is extremely tame, but not much more so than in England. In some respects it has an advantage: there is more freedom.

The Italians have waived all ceremony in their social relations; anything like formal invitation or dressing for a party is now altogether out of the question. Such a lady of title, or such a deputy's or avvocato's wife, is said to be "at home" on certain appointed evenings, every week through the season; such another is visible in her saloon every evening. I have been in Turin two seasons in succession, and have given one or two of such houses a fair trial. With the exception of grand routs and balls, which are pretty much the same in all countries, and in which anything like rational conversation is hardly practicable, I always met an allowance of five, ten, twenty men to one lady. You see everywhere only the fair mistress of the house and the crowd of her one hundred and one cavaliers. The lord and husband may be at home, or he may be at his café or the casino, or he may have gone to swell the retinue of some other popular beauty; though beauty is hardly the word in these cases, as the ladies who draw the greatest numbers of visitors to their soirees are but seldom distinguished by personal attractions. Some peculiar charm or other there must be about the hostess nevertheless, and it generally consists of tact, good-nature, a certain amount of lively sympathetic friendliness and affability, of great pliability and accommodativeness; all these qualities must be set off by attentiveness and impartiality towards each and all the guests, by the constant display of a ready power of talk, and a corresponding "talent pour le silence." Such women are rare even in Italy, but they seem nevertheless the indigenous product of the soil. It is astonishing to see upon what limited amount of information an Italian woman fits herself for general conversation; all her knowledge, like the ware in a French shopman's window, is on the tip of her blessed tongue; and she knows, better than any of her sisters beyond the Alps, how to turn her interlocutor's knowledge to her own account. Destitute as they are of well-grounded education at school, the Italian women "finish" themselves in their drawing-rooms. They are great hands at picking up bits and scraps, and pumping out anything there may be in their instructor's brains.

In Italy there is no literature. Of the great writers of other countries they are entirely ignorant. Neither men nor women read. The beautiful language of Italy, which ought to refine the speakers of it is itself rendered coarse by their own coarseness.

Step into the opera-house, make your way into any of the boxes, walk into the Place d'Armes, stop near any carriage, nay, go to a court ball, or to Cavour's reunion, join any group, you will see lovely ladies and gay cavaliers, gentle ladies with good blood in their veins, robed in the highest pink of fashion, very mountains of crinoline (they are arrant over-dressers, our Turin beauties)—accost them, and you will hear such uncouth words, such harsh accents, as might in other lands befit a crowd of laundresses and fish-women. I know no country in the world but Italy, where language is not the test of gentle birth, good-breeding, and general polish. A stranger, admitted for the first time into a Turin drawing-room, might feel tempted to think that he is attending a performance of "High Life below Stairs." The company are dressed, and look like ladies and gentlemen; their talk sounds far more uncouth than that of funkeys and Abigails.

To readers who would learn what Piedmont is at this moment, we commend this volume of Mr. Gallenga as by far the most complete and faithful sketch of her that has yet appeared.

The Six Legends of King Goldenstar. By the late ANNA BRADSTREET. Smith, Elder, and Co. In one of Scott's novels—we think it is "The Heart of Midlothian"—a parent is represented as giving with his failing breath the advice to his son to plant trees. The reason for this advice is wise,

and it has the true touch of solemnity. The trees will grow, says the dying man, while we are asleep. Looked upon with a poet's glance, this idea is very beautiful. Beautiful is this idea, not that such trees shoot out leaves and branches to make earth radiant and lovely while we on our pillows are renewing our energies for the coming day, but that they root our names in the earth when for us earth has passed away for ever. In life we feast on old memories as the Israelites in the wilderness feasted on manna. Old memories are the pulse of thought even as they are the pulse of action. Anna Bradstreet has planted trees, and they will grow while she sleeps—alas! she sleeps now the sleep of death. Such trees are her poems, splendid in foliage and beautiful in fruit. Death claimed the gifted authoress, as if only to show how much life was throbbing in her verse. With singular but misplaced modesty, Anna Bradstreet could never be persuaded to publish. Her taste was probably too severe, and so, falling below her ideal, she planted trees which the public were not allowed to see till death drew aside the curtain. The poems we have before us were suggested by some legends collected by the brother of the poetess in India. They are mainly allegorical, and we know nothing of the kind richer or more inventive. The entire pith of the poems and their characterisation may be summed up in a few words by the authoress. She says of her work: "On the idea of a soul wearied under the dominion of the senses, and discontented with its own earthly pursuits, I founded the story of the luxurious and restless King; and on the awakening of such a soul at sight of the beauty of holiness, I based the apparition of 'Lotus-flower.' The soul of man would fain possess itself of this beauty; but she is only obtained on the same conditions with his happiness—and as sensuality rejects these conditions, the lovely apparition eludes its grasp and vanishes." Now on both sides, it may be a question open to considerable argument whether virtue and holiness can be best taught in this way. The motives of the writer were of the noblest kind; and although we believe that the age above all things requires the symbolical, yet we see, from undoubted fact, that it rather turns aside from it. These legends cannot then be popular in the strict sense of the word, although they contain materials out of which a dozen popular poems may be made. The late Anna Bradstreet had really wonderful opulence of language, even if we look no higher for the poet's excellence. It drops from her like jewels, and we are surprised not at its sheen, but at its weighty richness. Were the symbolisms entirely withdrawn, there would be left such a store of natural description as could not fail to place the author in a high position. It was not the flippancy of the rhymester which the late poetess possessed—it was the solid qualities of the harmonist. The first ten stanzas of these *Legends of King Goldenstar* show this. Others may even show it more, but we take these at random. Like the preliminary canter of the highest bred steed which is about to enter the race for some great event—and it was always for some noble aim that Anna Bradstreet started her Pegasus—we mark the elastic step, the swelling vein, and the conscious power which indicate a final triumph. We need hardly say more to recommend these sterling legends, especially if we give the opening stanzas to which we have referred.

One sultry night an Indian king was lying
Beside a glittering fall of waters wild;
Among the closed-up flowers the breeze was dying
As of its own sweet languishment. Fair child
Of darkness and the banished sun, how bright
Wert thou, O moon! on all he saw that night!

Wide glittered all his marble palaces,
With chambers wrought like fairy-work, that stood
Above the solemn curtainage of trees,
Each one of sleep a temple-solitude,
From whence, as if among the stars enrolled,
Shot up a thousand twinkling spires of gold.

And on the walls, and on the pavement red,
Whereto the sculptured basements daubly
Their fretted whiteness joined, were dimly shed
Visions of priceless jewels, which to see
In perfect splendor of the mid-day sun,
How would all India breathlessly have run!

But there were walls piled course on course, so high
The palm-trees scarcely nodded o'er the bound;
And there were tanks, which the smothered cry
Had bubbled up of rash intruders drowned;
And only birds went over, blameless bold
And lovely, perching on those spires of gold.

There perched they, there they sang the livelong day,
Hopped on the gilded roofs, and freely went
In at those lattices, where not a ray
Of sunshine spoil'd the coolness and content
Of beautiful young queens, like lilles floating
On their still baths, and on that stillness doting.

And when night came, they nestled gloriously
In nooks of marble carved with quaintest skill,
All round the cornice and the gallery
Of every court; or higher, airier still,
Rocked in the boughs of some tall flowering tree
That sighed above that beauteous company

When they among the midnight flowers would sleep,
Or wakeful wandered whither they might please,
In gardens cool their vigils gay to keep.
Their spangled gauzes fluttering in the breeze.
As they, with many a childish sport, would make
Those birds in their high cradles startling wake.

Ah! then and there, whom sleep could not enthral—
The nightingale—sweet watcher of the spring,
Would hush their chatter with her silver call.
Long-drawn, with magic art all ears to bring
Unto that moment when with still heart-notes
Falls forth her song and on the silence floats.

Then burst again the wanton shrieks of laughter,
Startling away that music from amid
The vales of pinks and hyacinths that, after
The sultry day, in dew and shadow hid
Their charms between the myrtle-hills, bestowing
Sweets on the wind that over them was blowing.
The women's voices and the night-bird's song.
The tinkling waterfalls and leaf-tuned breeze.
Arm'd watchmen heard the embattled walls along,
By the deep tanks wherein the towers, and trees,
And stars, and star-like pinnacles, might seem
To taunt them with an everlasting dream.

The New Practice of Magistrates' Courts, including that under the Larceny Summary Jurisdiction Act and the new Appeal Act. By T. W. SAUNDERS, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Recorder of Dartmouth. Second Edition. (London: Longman's Office.)—The early demand for a second edition proves the popularity of this work among the magistracy, for whom it is written. It gives a full and complete description of the entire procedure in the courts over which magistrates preside, with the forms required; and this new edition has been enlarged and improved by the introduction of the jurisdictions recently given to these courts, and the proceedings in appeal under the excellent Act of last session. Mr. Saunders adopts the natural order of such a treatise, describing successively the procedure in the courts of petty sessions on summary convictions and orders, informations and complaints; the mode of compelling appearance; the hearing; the judgment, conviction, and order; execution and its incidents. The procedure in indictable offences is next described; then the proceedings under the Juvenile Offenders Act, in articles of the peace, in the courts of special sessions, in the general quarter sessions courts, and in appeal under the old and the new law. It will be seen from this outline of it that this volume is a necessary handbook for magistrates, who will find the careful perusal of it a valuable preparation for the performance of their duties as well as an excellent book of reference.

A Hand-book of Dorking. (Dorking: John Rowe. London: Willis and Sotheron.)—It appears that the good old town of Dorking, in the county of Surrey, and which (we must frankly confess) has hitherto been known to us only in connection with certain gallineous delicacies, is to be noted for the picturesque beauty of its scenery and the antiquity of its historical associations. The author of this capital little hand-book, moved thereto by a defiant request from Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, that some one would name a town equal for beauty and cleanliness to Dorking and Guildford, has collected his information with industry, and has certainly used it with taste. The past history, present state, surrounding scenery, and geology of Dorking are all sufficiently handled, and the pages are profusely illustrated by maps and steel engravings remarkably well executed. Like many towns of third-rate importance, Dorking was, at a remote period of history, a place of no small note. Among other reasons for resorting to it we are told that the perch streams in the neighbourhood made it celebrated for a certain delicacy, dear to fish-eaters, and that "the Dutch merchants used to come frequently from London to eat water-souchy, made of them in great perfection here." At any rate, it is now nothing but a quiet and pretty market-town, and (as Mr. Thorne in his "Rambles by Rivers" records) is "famous for its poultry, butter, and other good things." To those who desire a better acquaintance with Dorking, and purpose a ramble on the pretty banks of the Mole, we heartily commend this well-compiled hand-book.

Practical Swiss Guide. By AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD. (London: Longmans.)—Less bulky, and consequently more convenient, than any other hand-book of Swiss travel we have yet seen. It contains all that is necessary for the traveller, to which of Sterne's seven classes he may belong. For *milord* there is plenty of information respecting modes of conveyance, and for the independent pedestrian everything that is necessary in the way of routes, inns, &c. Moreover it is cheap, and is small enough to be neatly disposable in the smallest knapsack. This is the third issue—of itself a good proof of recognised merit.

Naples and King Ferdinand: an Historical and Political Sketch of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. By ELIZABETH DAWBARN. (London: L. Booth.)—A contribution to the already large collection of anti-Bomba literature which has appeared within the last few years. Mrs. Dawbarn is a good hater, and ex-

presses herself with feminine vehemence. This time, it is fortunate that the earnestness is on the right side. The text of the volume is, that "the kingdom of Naples presents, at the present time, a most painful spectacle of tyranny and persecution, of ignorance and superstition, of mutual hatred and distrust between the sovereign and the people." With this in view, she gives a brief sketch of the history of Naples from the time of the Sicilian Vespers, and winds up with an eloquent *plaidoyer* against the Neapolitan Bourbons in general, and Ferdinand II., in particular. Some terrible statistics respecting capital punishments, imprisonments, and exile, conclude the book.

The History of France from the Conquest of Gaul by the Romans to the Peace of 1856. By A. B. EDWARDS. (London: G. Routledge and Co.)—Forms part of Messrs. Routledge's "Useful Library." It is written entirely from the popular point of view, and the author is clearly unacquainted with, or has not chosen to avail himself of, some of the more modern lights which have illuminated many dark corners in history. Thus, Henri Quatre is always the *vert galant*, guilty of nothing but "some venial weaknesses;" the first French revolution was nothing but a saturnalia of blood, ungodliness, and lust; the red republicans are the impersonations of everything that is violent and bad; M. de Lamartine was the saviour of France in 1848; and the worst epithet applicable to Napoleon III. is that he is "an ambitious notheman."

The Excelsior Reading made Easy, or Child's First Book. By GEORGE VASEY. (London: Fred. Pitman.)—An attempt to teach reading in what may be called the reasoning style, in opposition to the old system of learning by rote. Some of the illustrations are, however, a little far-fetched for young children, as where, in the picture alphabet, we find *Xiphias* (a genus of fish) representing letter X.

Introduction to English Etymology. By ROBERT ARMSTRONG and THOMAS ARMSTRONG. (Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—The object of this excellent manual is the classification of English words according to the languages whence their roots have been derived. It does indeed with English what Mons. Delille's admirable "Manuel Etymologique" does with French. In marshalling the languages the Saxon naturally comes first, then Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Arabic.

Life Doubled by the Economy of Time. (London: Houlston and Wright.)—The object of this little volume, which is by the author of "How a Penny became a Thousand Pounds," is to impress the value of time upon the thoughtless and the idle. This old but profitable theme is handled every way, as regards the

improvement of the mind, the body, the estate, and the soul. Precepts are quoted and examples given, and even amusing anecdotes pressed into the service to enliven the sermon and enforce its lessons. The division of the day, according to the diagram on the frontispiece, is eight hours to sleep, four to food, and twelve to exercise, study, and avocations. This differs slightly from the old maxim:

Seven hours to God, to soothing slumber seven,

Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.

The period given up to sleep also seems too long for persons of average strength and in good health.

The Equalisation of the Poor's Rate of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland proved to be both Equitable and Practicable. By G. L. HUTCHINSON. (London: Hardwicke.)—Mr. Hutchinson's former labours in this field entitle him to a favourable and respectful hearing. He is in favour of abolishing the Laws of Settlement and Removal, and of equalising the poor's rate throughout the country. This certainly would have the effect of distributing the burden more fairly and equally; for, as the matter at present stands, those parishes are the most heavily taxed which can bear it the least, and have the least to do with the increase of poverty.

Random Sketches and Notes of European Travel in 1856. By the Rev. JOHN EDWARDS. New York: Harper and Co.—The travels of an intelligent American in Europe are almost always pleasant, and often very instructive reading. Our Transatlantic brethren see with other eyes than ourselves; they have fewer prejudices to colour their vision; they view men and manners more impartially. A real Englishman compares every other European country with his own, making that the standard of excellence. An American probably does the like; but then he weighs all of Europe, ourselves included, in the same scale, and therefore, although we should hold in small esteem his "notions" of Europe in relation to "the States," he will fairly estimate the European communities in relation to each other. Mr. Edwards is an observant man, who chooses to think for himself, and fearlessly expresses his own opinions.

A Collection of Problems and Examples in Mathematics, selected from the Jesus College Examination Papers. By H. H. MORGAN, M.A., Sadlerian and Mathematical Lecturer of Jesus College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1858.—We can heartily recommend this little work to the heads of the mathematical department in our public schools. The problems and examples are almost entirely original, and, generally speaking, are remarkable for their ingenious application to the various branches of mathematical science. The results of the problems

are also, for the most part, exceedingly neat; and they are not too difficult for public school pupils. The very eminent names of the Cambridge mathematicians mentioned as contributors are indeed in themselves a guarantee for the excellence of this book.

Royal Rosebuds; or Historical Sketches of Illustrious Children. (London: J. and C. Mozley.)—A nice little work for children, holding up to them illustrious examples of good behaviour. The "roebuds" are culled from over a wide field of history; for the first example is that of Abijah, the son of Jeroboam, and the last is Louis of Burgundy, the amiable young grandson of Louis XV., who died at a very tender age.

My Three Aunts: or, Lowminster. (London: J. and C. Mozley.)—A pretty tale, by the author of "Long, Long Ago," a story of maidenly self-sacrifice, of one of those lives of bitter martyrdom which are lived so often and borne with so patiently and so silently in this civilised world of ours. Aunt Phoebe is an admirable type of these modern martyrs, gentle, good, uncomplaining, even thankful, to the last.

A Lost Love. By ASHFORD OWEN. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co.)—The reprint of this charming little tale in a cheap form cannot but be welcome. To those who have not already made acquaintance with the tale we may say that it inculcates an important lesson as to the evil of long engagements.

Tales from Blackwood, No. 3. (Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood.)—The third instalment of the collection of tales from "Old Ebony" contains "A Legend of Gibraltar," which appeared in the number for November 1851, and "The Iron Shroud," from that for August 1830. The latter is by William Mudford, and, although doubtless taken from a still more ancient source, is evidently that which supplied Poe with his well-known tale, "The Pit and the Pendulum."

A Compendium of History from the Creation to the Commencement of the Christian Era. By A. H. (London: Hamilton and Co.) This little manual is designed for the use of historical classes, and seems fully to perform the promise of its title-page.

The Welcome Guest. (Part I.)—We have received the first part, containing five numbers of this new publication. It seems admirably executed, and to be a very great improvement upon the general run of penny publications. The most noticeable among the contents of this number are an excellent translation of Freytag's *Soll und Haben*, which will bear comparison with any of the three which have already appeared, and a capital series of articles illustrative of London Life from the graphic pen of Mr. G. A. Sala, and entitled "Twice Round the Clock."

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC in Paris.—Paris, 23rd June. The library of St. Généviève, next to the Mazarin, is, at this season, for the student one of the most comfortable in Paris. It has this advantage too, in the officials, that if you can tell your wants they are readily supplied, as far as the means of the library admit. You can study without being jostled, and without having to wait for a place, as in the Imperial Library often. Then if you want a distraction for half-an-hour, you have only to step into the Pantheon, at a stone's throw, or into its quaint old neighbour, the Church of St. Stephen of the Mount, wherein, if you should be piously inclined, you may light, for a sou, a taper at the shrine of St. Généviève; or, to consult a work of reference, you may stroll into the library of the Sorbonne. As you pass through the quadrangle the buildings will remind you of some of our University structures, and you will think, doubtless, of the terrible doctors of the Sorbonne, whose judgment on theological disputes carried formerly so great weight. The School of Law is close by, and not far off the School of Medicine, where, if you wish to hear the examination of a fast young student, you may enter freely to enjoy, if wickedly inclined, his embarrassment. The grasshopper is not a winter insect, or we should compare to it the law and medical student. They are very gay until the season of the examinations approaches. They have flirted with *bonnes et grisettes* in the Luxembourg and La Chaumière, and now they rush to the ant, the *bouquiniste*, who has been making his harvest in their classics in order to read up. In short, we are writing in the Latin quarter, which has a physiognomy and history of its own. The physiognomy is fast disappearing. The streets remain named after the respective countries, where the students from England, Scotland, and Ireland had their abodes in former ages, when

they attended the renowned University of Paris. These streets will soon disappear. The Rue des Anglais, the Rue d'Ecosse, and the Rue des Irlandais, are three of the narrowest, dirtiest streets in Paris. The streets will disappear; but the names of our countrymen, who studied in these streets or in their neighbourhood, will remain for ever. But we do not affect this quarter at the present season. We would, if we had our way, inspire a fresher air, and be impressed by odours more aromatic. We should not mind, for example, to be wandering among the fairy scenes of the Pré Catalan, or botanising in the woods of St. Cloud, or gathering cherries at Montmorency. Truly, there are bouquets in books, perfumes in the pages of poets, collations in those of the philosophers, nuts to crack in those of the metaphysicians, and peaches, pears, and dessert wines to drink in those of the romantics; but if we would gather the bouquet from the garden, and for collation fish the trout from the stream, and for dessert steal or honestly purchase the nectarine, and for wine put up with a bottle from Courvoisie or Argenteuil, should we, according to the laws of human nature, be greatly to blame? What have we to say of books? Not much. The season demands light reading—a book for the grove, a book for the hill-side, a book for the sea-side.

For the grove we should recommend, for the present, a book which treats of a great musician, The Abbé Goschler has published *Mozart: Vie d'un artiste chrétien au dix-huitième siècle.* This life is composed from his authentic correspondence, and this correspondence has never before been published. From it we learn how Leopold Mozart came to leave Salzburg, where he earned a doubtful existence as leader of the orchestra of the Prince-Archbishop, and by giving lessons in the town on the violin; how, as chapel-master, his income was but

twenty-five florins (about forty-four shillings) a month; how he had a daughter then, named Nanerl, eleven years old, and a son, Wolfgang, who afterwards became famous, then six years old; how the good man strove to bring up this son and daughter in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, with good moral principles instilling into them the principles of art. We read of the struggles and successes, and again of the reverses, of the family. The affection of Leopold for his wife and children is not less marked than the affection of Wolfgang for his father and mother and sister Nanerl. We read how the young prodigy was petted by cardinals, knighted by the Pope, and kissed on the cheek by princesses and led by the hand by princes, and yet he was not spoiled. To father and mother he was a son to the last. A truly Christian spirit breathes in the correspondence of the old violinist, and it is reciprocated by the son. That the latter had not his infirmities of flesh at one or the other period of his career it would be presumptuous to assume. The Abbé Goschler's work seeks to establish a truth, that a man may be at once a great artist and a good man. The correspondence terminates with the marriage of Wolfgang to Constance Weber, and the marriage was a happy one. The old Leopold made some objections to the match, but he prudently gave way. Wolfgang wrote to his father:—"Constance is an honest, well-bred girl, born of good parents, and I am in condition to earn her bread. We love one another, and desire to be united. What is there to be objected?" We should like to make a few extracts from the correspondence, to exhibit the piety of the father and the filial respect and obedience of Mozart. One passage, however, we cannot resist, as it shows him in the light of a humorist. He was only fourteen when he wrote of a Dominican, great gourmand like many of his brethren:

To-day I wished to mount an ass, for in Italy it is the fashion, and consequently I thought I must try it. We had the honour of being acquainted with a certain Dominican, who passed for a saint. For my part I did not think so, as I saw him breakfast on a good cup of chocolate, and then pass above it a good glassfull of Spanish wine. I have had the advantage of dining along with this saint, who drank bravely during the repast, which he closed by a large glass of strong wine, two good slices of melon, with peaches, pears, five cups of coffee, a plateful of cakes, whipt cream, and citron. Perhaps all this was done through mortification. I had difficulty, however, in believing it—this would be too much at one time—and then, besides his dinner, he thought very much indeed of his supper.

For sea-side or hill-side, we would recommend a pleasing piece of female biography, by Amédée Renée, *Vie de Madame de Montmorency*. His recent work, the *Nièces de Mazarin*, has already been favourably noticed in the columns of the CRITIC. M. Renée is an active political writer, editor of the *Constitutionnel* we believe, but who, nevertheless, can find time to devote himself to purely literary pursuits. The Montmorency family have made some considerable figure in the history of France. The subject of the present biography was the wife of Henry de Montmorency, Marshal of France, who was beheaded at Toulouse in 1632 for having caused a revolt, and cousin of Montmorency-Hauteville, who was also beheaded for disobedience. Twice had Richelieu to shed Montmorency blood on the scaffold. Madame de Montmorency, an Ursini by birth and a Montmorency by marriage, was one of the great women of the seventeenth century, a loving and faithful wife, an exemplary and Christian widow. She loved her husband, and this was her greatest glory. Whatever his defects as a citizen, and whether or not he merited his fate, he abjured her in his last hour to modify her animosity against his enemies. Persecuted at first on account of her name, and because of her known influence in Languedoc, of which her husband had been governor, she issued from prison to enter into a convent, where she closed her days. She died at peace with all men. She had forgotten all her wrongs; she remembered only her husband. Says M. Renée: "It was the 5th of June, 1666, that this beautiful soul, the honour of her age, quitted this earth. She desired only silence and forgetfulness. Her vow was heard, for her name has scarcely remained in the memory of men. It is because the world goes always by contrasts. La Vallière has the attraction of her faults to make us love virtue. St. Augustin touches us nearer than other fathers of the Church; it seems that his sanctity attaches itself, and springs rather on the storm of the passions. Among women celebrated by devotion and love, there is none greater than the widow of Montmorency; but her virtue had no shadow, and is buried in her perfection." We are sure this book will please the reader who takes it up. M. Renée may appear too partial to De Montmorency, and unjust towards Richelieu; but he will never be found fault with for a matchless portrait of a pious and excellent woman.

There are hard-headed gentlemen to whom a useful book never comes amiss, be the season what it may. They belong to our political economists and plodding men. To such we would commend for leisurely reading during the recess a work on Algeria, by Clement Duvernois—*L'Algérie ce qu'elle est—Ce qu'elle doit être*. Our neighbours manifest no small interest in our colonial system, and they behold not without envy our colonial progress. We, on our side, reproach them with being bad colonists. It is but fair to hear what they have effected in their most important colony, Algeria, and what they hope further to effect. Since the conquest by France, Algeria has been the object of a great number of publications; but, with a few exceptions, none of them can be relied upon. M. Duvernois, familiar with Algerian affairs and familiar to the Algerians as a journalist, wished in the present volume to make us acquainted with the natural resources of the country whose organisation he proposes. We have an account of the soil, the population, of the breed of animals, of the cereals, of the tobacco crops, the cotton and olive crops. Then we have information respecting the producers, regarding public institutions, the Arab government, the European government, Arab property, European property, and regarding the labour market. The final division of his subject is headed *Reforme*—treating of political institutions, government, the sale

of lands, taxes, railways, banks, immigration, agricultural instruction, and other important matters. From the antecedents of M. Duvernois, we do not believe that the hard-headed man will be disappointed in this book.

But here is a book, which, for the present, may not be read by industrious or idle reader. The second edition of the *Mémoires de Lauzun*, with notes and an introduction by M. Lacour, has been seized. These memoirs appeared for the first time under the Restoration in 1821, and the censorship of the period allowed the work to circulate without opposition. The author had suppressed some portions, however, and left in blank the names of living parties. Since then M. Taschereau, superintendent of the Imperial Library, has published in the *Revue Rétrospective* the suppressed passages. The edition which has been seized contains the suppressed passages. With this information, and with the aid of the first edition of the Memoirs and the *Revue Rétrospective*, one can readily discover the nature of M. Lacour's transgression. For the present the *Indépendance Belge* is forbidden to come among us. What the transgression of our Belgian contemporary has been we cannot immediately learn. A picture, however, has arrived, which we shall behold with pleasure as a work of art, whatever opinion we may hold as to whether it has been honestly come by. The facts about this picture, as we read them, are simply these. In the church of the Trinity at Rome there stood until recently a "Descent from the Cross," by Daniele Volterra. The picture was bought of the great artist by Helena Orsini, and by her was presented to the church already mentioned. To the great indignation of the Romans, this picture has been claimed by the French Government, which has caused it to be sent to the French Academy, where, we understand, it will have to be submitted to important repairs. For the present, say the Roman journals, "the misfortune is irremediable." The French claim to possession of the picture is founded upon the circumstances that the Church of the Trinity was founded by Louis VIII. of France in 1494, and was repaired by Louis XVIII. in 1816, who ceded it to the Sisters of the *Sacré-Cœur*, reserving, however, to himself the property of it. The church and the pictures in it are hence regarded by the French Government as public property. According to the connoisseurs, the picture in question had no rivals in Rome but the *Transfiguration* of Raphael and the *St. Jerome* of Domenichino.

ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Rome, June 16.

Archæologic Publications—Cardinal Mai's Greek Bible—The Campana Museums—Pacini's new Opera.

A DISTINGUISHED archæologist among the Jesuits, now resident here, Raffaele Garrucci, announces as forthcoming from the Roman press a work entitled "Remains of Glass ornamented with Figures, in the Cemeteries of Rome, Illustrated" (*Vitri ornati di Figure, &c.*), his original intention having been, as he informs us in the prospectus, to supply amplification of a work published in 1716 by F. Buonarroti, with explanations and engravings of seventy-two glass fragments found among the Christian antiquities of Rome. In this undertaking he was invited to co-operate with M. Martin, another archæologic writer, and also artist of some note, in whose company he visited every spot where the objects to be described were collected, that reports already published might be verified and added to by their conjoint labours. Death cut short the career of his intelligent companion, leaving Father Garrucci to finish the task alone; and he has now prepared the illustration of 340 glass vases, with engravings from correct copies of the originals, selected from the contents of museums at London, Paris, Avignon, Rome, Florence, Bologna, and Pesaro, the whole to be comprised in one volume folio, with forty-two pages of copper-plates by the best Roman engravers. The publication, in five volumes, of the Greek Bible edited by Cardinal Mai, so interesting to all the learned and studious in theology, has lately been made the subject of a clever article in the *Civitas Cattolica*. It is from a Vatican Code esteemed of antiquity certainly not less than fourteen centuries, and regarded as the careful labour of some Oriental transcriber, probably in Egypt. So long since as 1475 we

have evidence that it was held to be the oldest known MS. of the Sacred Books in this idiom; and it is probably the very code transmitted with the most scrupulous care by Leo X. to the Cardinal Ximenes in Spain, for his assistance in the preparation of his celebrated Polyglot. The Septuagint edited by Cardinal Caraffa, and published by order of Sixtus V. in 1587, was founded principally, though not exclusively, on this, other codes also having been collated for its text. Cardinal Mai first embraced the project of editing the whole work, Old and New Testament, so long since as 1828. His earnest desire to give the publication a faultless completeness led to delays till death interrupted him in the midst of his incessant labours; and the Cardinal Altieri, who was nominated his executor, referred the question to a committee of *savans* whether this edition, thus carefully prepared, should be published or not. The affirmative decision was soon passed, and the work now appears prefaced by an interesting account of the project, method, and labours in the several stages of its preparation by the Cardinal editor, this being supplied by the pen of a Barnabite father named Vercellone. We are told how, as it was impossible to confide so precious a MS. as the original Vatican Code to the hands of compositors, the Cardinal adopted the plan of sending as copy, for the Old Testament, a good edition of the Sixtine Septuagint (that of 1587), altering in the proofs every page not agreeing with the Vatican Code, and finally undertaking the toilsome task of confronting the whole, every word, accent, and point, in the newly printed sheets with the ancient MS. For supplying the portions wanting in the Vatican Code, he used two other Greek MSS., also highly esteemed, from the same library, called the Codes of the Queen of Sweden, being among the treasures acquired for the Vatican from the collection of the abdicated Christina; and these deficiencies were numerous, for the Code now published as the Bible of Cardinal Mai (by which title it will perhaps be known to posterity) wanted the first part of Genesis to the 27th verse of the 46th chapter, the Psalms intervening from Psalm ev. 27, to cxxxvii. 6; in the New Testament the first fourteen verses of the 9th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the entire Epistles to Timothy, Titus, and Philemon, and the entire Apocalypse. Professor Spezi, who holds the chair of Greek Literature at the Roman University, rendered assistance to the Cardinal in this toilsome undertaking, for which his name deserves honourable mention.

In the above-named *Civilità*, the brilliant writer who illustrated Italian revolutions (with ability that entertains rather than impartiality that convinces) in his "Ebreo di Verona," Father Bresciani, is publishing the chapters of another work, belonging, like the former, to the province of historic romance, in which the attempt is once more made (and certainly with much talent) to analyse and invest with ideal interest the story of Gregory VII., Henry IV., and the heroic Matilda—the first time that so grave a subject has been presented to the world from the very metropolis of the Papacy, under the aspects of imaginative narration. A series of anonymous articles, in that same bi-monthly periodical, on Etruscan antiquities, has lately excited interest by the ingenuity with which is supported a theory for substituting Hebrew-Chaldaic and Greek as the basis for a system of interpretation in that language that has so long baffled the researches of learning. The mystic formula *Suthina*, which the Greek system treats as correspondent with *Zeruga*, found on numerous vases, and, among others, on five funereal ones discovered at Bolsena during last year, this writer would render, arguing from its close resemblance to the Hebrew-Chaldaic, *Serapis sedet* (Serapis resides here), explained by reference to a well-known practice of ancient superstition, the hydromancy, which St. Augustine tells us, in his "Civitas Dei," was practised by Numa and Pythagoras, that they might "see in water the images of the gods," and which Varro represented as imported to Rome from Persia. Two of these recently-found Bolsena vases have the head of Silenus, near the handle, with an aperture for the mouth—very probably, it is inferred by this writer, for that mode of divining which consisted in letting water fall drop by drop from a full vessel, as described by Calmet in his comment on Genesis xliv. 5.

The Congregation of Index has condemned one of the works recently published at Florence by a society of distinguished men, founded not long

since with the intention of issuing in a monthly series reproduced or newly-edited documents illustrative of national story, and (as appears the special object) tending to the support of liberal theories in political, and of those opposed to ultramontanism in ecclesiastical, bearings. The series is styled "Biblioteca Civile Italiana," and the work now reprobated by the Index is an "Apology for the Laws on Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction, Administration and Police in Tuscany under the reign of Leopold." More interesting will it be to the general reader to know (if report may be received on evidence) that the intended condemnation by the same authority in Rome of Cousin's "Du Bien, du Vrai, et du Beau," has been suspended, and another careful investigation determined on before the decision for an irrevocable sentence, by the express desire of the Popes. I hear that judgment will be passed by the Criminal Tribunal in the trial of the Marquis Campana a few days before the close of this month; and that the sentence will be unfavourable, even severe, is now scarcely doubted; though, in the anticipation of those acquainted with Roman proceedings, the results may be no worse for that unfortunate gentleman than a confinement with forced labours in the felons' prison, for a certain period, perhaps a year or two, after which the clemency of the Pontiff *may* (at least such is thought probable) be extended on his behalf, and restore him to liberty on the sole condition of exile. Meantime, this Government having confiscated his precious art collections, the attempt is being

made to raise some profit by opening two of his museums to the public, with admission by paid tickets. One is the beautiful but rather fastidious villa and gardens near the Lateran, formed by the Marquis simply as a place of exhibition, apart from his residence; the other a spacious locality, once occupied by a series of stables, in Via Margutta. No part of the Etruscan antiquities are exhibited, but the chief contents of the halls now public are formed by a very numerous set of sculptures, belonging mostly, I believe, to the later Roman periods. Those in Via Margutta fill a range of corridors and rooms hung with green baize, and well lighted from above; one compartment appropriated to imperial busts, another to busts of philosophers and heroes, others to statues, mostly of the heroic sizes, and reliefs—almost all, I should say, copies of inferior, some of very coarse, execution, from originals varying in merit—not certainly *all* worth being copied or transmitted to posterity in any form. I noticed as among the finest (indeed, almost the only) works of high merit, a profile relief of Antinous, crowned with oak leaves, characterised by a touching and melancholy beauty; heads of Augustus, Livia, Marcus Aurelius, Commodus; a majestic figure of Augustus seated, the upper part nude, with a globe surmounted by Victory in his hand; a colossal Adrian in armour and chlamys; Seneca, a natural and expressive but very ugly statue; and (above all) a relief of the story of Niobe, small in scale and imperfect, including only a few figures of the sons and daugh-

ters, whom we see struck down by Apollo's darts in their mother's presence, but beautiful, pathetic, and grand in style, having that character which (if an unlearned observer may pronounce) pertains to the highest school of antiquity—to the highest, at least, of which I can recollect any examples in the museums of Rome.

On the 24th of last month was produced at the Argentine Theatre the new opera by Pacini, *Il Saltimbano*, and with decided success—the author, who had come to Rome to superintend the performance, being frequently called for between acts. Pacini is a vigorous septuagenarian, who has maintained his position among the favourite and most fertile composers of opera in Italy, through many strange vicissitudes in musical fashions, many caprices of schools and influences on the lyric stage. At this season the theatres are far less fashionably frequented in Rome than during the winter, but *Il Saltimbano* has continued to be the almost nightly entertainment, supported by the talents of a prima donna, who is a Scottish lady of estimable character, Miss Kennet, and a few other singers of ability. That lady's reception here, though she has made nothing like a sensation, has been, on the whole, favourable, and her performance, if not enthusiastically, discriminately applauded. Two young ladies have excited quite a *furore* at the same house, by their duet playing on the violin—rarely heard, I understand, with such powers of execution from any female *artiste* as from these youthful sisters.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

AMONG the papers read at the last meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was an account of the expedition from Damara Land to the Oranupa in search of the River Cunene, in which it was stated that, although the chief object of the expedition had unfortunately been defeated by the hostile feelings of the Damara Chief, yet a lake had been discovered about twenty miles in circumference. Another was a communication from M. de Crespigny on the ascent of the river Limberg in Borneo, showing that the general features of the country are mountainous on the north-west of the island, the hills rising to a height of 2500 feet along the coast.

At the Statistical Society, in a paper on the occupations of the people of England and Wales, it was stated that the agricultural classes amounted to 2,002,000, and the trading classes to two millions and a half. The number of servants in England and Wales was placed at 1,006,060; of these there was a greater proportion in London, Brighton, and other non-manufacturing towns. The average of men and women servants throughout the whole metropolis was 4 per cent. of men, and 26 per cent. of women; but at the west end of the town these proportions were nearly reversed. One remarkable fact was announced, namely, that the entire number of persons in the employment of Government in this country including the army and navy stationed here, and officials of every kind, does not exceed 170,000. In a communication on the statistics of the Russian empire, it appeared that, notwithstanding the large quantity of gold raised from the gold mines in Russia, the balance of trade with the West was in favour of that country, gold being annually imported. Russia exported gold to the East, and received in exchange cotton.

If the purification of the Thames was a mere question of mechanical science, no one doubts but that the work would have been accomplished long ago; it is then only a question of expense. The object is to purify the river from the pollution of the sewage. This should be kept strictly in view. Deodorising and masking use of the sewage, however desirable, is a distinct affair, and ought to be left to those who choose to experiment at their own risk; for, after all, any plan proposed of utilisation can only be experimental. When the sewage has been deported sufficiently far away, then *flat experimentum in corpore vili*. But there is a point connected with the subject which ought not to be overlooked, and that is the supply of water to the metropolis. The river itself is at present the chief source of water supply, and if this is withdrawn, as would be the case on the removal

of the sewage, there would be a deficiency of water which might probably prove a worse evil than its pollution. The science of the day is quite equal to the task, both of purifying the river and supplying the city with water, and one ought not to be attempted without the other.

The maximum reading of the thermometer on the 16th inst., was the highest on record, namely, 94.5°. In 1846, on July 5th, the temperature rose to 93°, and on June 28th, 1857, it was 92.7°. The mean temperature of the day has been exceeded. In the year 1818, on July 24th, it was 79.2°. In 1825, on July 15th, 18th, and 19th, the mean temperatures were 79.1°, 78.2°, and 78.6° respectively; while on Wednesday the 16th inst. it was 76.9°. The reading of the thermometer in the sun during the day was as follows:—at 9 a.m. it was 106.8°, at noon, 115.5°, and at 1 p.m. 117.7°. During last week the mean temperature of the week was 67.7°, being 8.5° above the average of the same week in forty-three years. On the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the mean daily temperature was from 13° to 17° in excess of the average.

A paper presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris on the subject of the vine disease, states some important facts. The oidium does not spread to any extent except when the temperature is day and night above 68° Fahr. When north winds prevail, or rain lowers the temperature, the disease is stopped, only to recur on the increase of temperature. The same plant is not always subject to the attack, nor at the same time of the year. The action of sulphur is circumscribed, being almost strictly local. Its curative properties have no effect below the temperature of 68° Fahr. Hence the warmth necessary for its action is precisely that which favours the growth of the oidium. A report from the committee appointed to inquire into the results obtained from sulphur during the years 1856 and 1857 in Tuscany, states that, although the oidium appeared to be on the decline, the beneficial effects of sulphur could not be denied. The washing of the grapes, after tying the vines, with 5 lbs. to 7 lbs. of glue dissolved in 100 lbs. of water, with a little clay or flour, had produced very good effects, and laying down the vines so that the grapes should bear on the ground was also found advantageous. A curious fact is stated, that the grafting of American vines upon those of Tuscany produces an increase in the quantity of grapes, and the vines are little, if at all, liable to the disease; but there are two drawbacks—the wine-grower loses two years' produce, and the wine, though abundant, is inferior in quality.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
Wednesday, June 30.—Society of Arts, 4. Annual general meeting.
Thursday, July 1.—Zoological, 3.

ART AND ARTISTS

ROSA BONHEUR.

Two of Rosa Bonheur's unrivalled cattle pieces are on exhibition in Bond-street. One of them, entitled "Landal Peasants going to market," presents a subject of the same kind as those with which the fair artist won her first laurels. A long unbroken flat extends as far as the eye can reach, warmly tinted with heather blossom; it is a sort of sea of heather, through which the peasantry wade on stilts: a pair of red-brown oxen drawing a ponderous cart come walking out of the picture. Other groups appear behind, and two stilted peasants form prominent objects. The other picture is a view on a hill side in the Highlands of Scotland; a cluster of little Scotch Kyloes are assembled, in consultation apparently as to the line of march to be taken. Mountains delicately tinted with rose-coloured light make a glorious background. On the whole we prefer this picture of the two. These paintings, however, do not present altogether the care and finish of Mlle. Bonheur's works of ten years ago. An admirable portrait of the artist by Dubufe adds to the attraction of the room.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE Department of Science and Art has issued, in the form of an extract from the Lord President's Annual Report, a manifesto of the results of their labours during the past year. It is as follows:—“Summing up the general results of the action of the department during 1857, it has been shown that the desire of the public to use the facilities offered for the study of science and art is greatly on the increase. The museums and exhibitions in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh have been visited by 553,854 persons, being an increase of as many as 186,915 persons on 1856. The visitors to the Botanical and Zoological Gardens in Dublin have been 168,098, showing an increase of 10,222 persons on 1856. The circulating art-museum has been sent to Stourbridge, Worcester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Paisley, and Dundee, and 36,024 persons have consulted it. The various schools of science and courses of public scientific lectures have been attended by 10,372 students. The total number of students connected with the schools of art, or under inspection, has been 43,212, being an increase of 25 per cent. on the numbers returned in June 1856; whilst the cost of the State assistance, from being an average of 31. 2s. 4d. per student in 1851, before the reform of the schools of design, has been reduced to an average of 13s. 1½d. per student, the instruction at the same time having greatly improved, and the means for study largely increased. The success of the removal of the Science and Art Department from Marlborough House to South Kensington has been so signal as to require some special notice of it.

The number of students in the Art Training School at Marlborough House during the session ending February 1856 was 292. The number in the month of last March at South Kensington was 407. The visitors to the Museum in less than ten months have amounted to 439,997 persons, being nearly five times the average numbers annually that attended Marlborough House. The experiment of opening the Museum in the evening has shown that that is the time most convenient to the working classes to attend public museums. Comparing time with time, the numbers have been five times as great in the evening as in the morning. The provision of somewhat increased space has enabled the Department to be useful to all the local schools of art, in the circulation and lending of the articles in the Museum, and the books and prints in the library. These are no longer metropolitan institutions, but are essentially national in their influence. The South Kensington Museum is the storehouse of the United Kingdom, and every school of art is privileged to borrow from it any article that is safely portable. The provision of increased space has enabled the collections of art for the first time to be properly exhibited to the public. It has also enabled other collections to be made and properly displayed, and it has been proved that if space be provided by the State, the public are willing to fill it. This is shown by Mr. Sheepshanks' munificent gift of British pictures now properly displayed, by the animal collection, the patent collection, the architectural collection, the educational collection, and the collection of sculpture; in all of which the objects have been almost wholly provided by the public.

On Saturday last, a collection of art manufactures, designed and executed by the students of the schools of art in connection with the Department of Science and Art was opened for private inspection, and on Monday was exhibited to the public. As an experiment, and as a proof of the good effected by departmental schools, the exhibition may be pronounced to be successful. The collection is divided into twelve classes—glass, ceramic manufactures, works in bronze, brass, iron, &c., plate and plated wares, jewellery, furniture, and wood carvings, lace and linen damasks, silks, ribbons, printed fabrics, woven shawls, carpets and tapestry. There are about 700 specimens exhibited, many of which exhibit considerable artistic taste. Of all the classes, that which comprises the specimens of ceramic art is best represented, for it contains more than two hundred specimens, some of the best of which are exhibited by Messrs. Minton. When we remember the high position which this branch of manufacture has lately taken in this country, and the admiration excited in France by the collections sent to the Paris Exhibition of 1855, we can scarcely wonder at this. The plate, jewellery, and furniture classes are also well filled.

The annual conference of the Society of Arts took place at the rooms of the society on Thursday, Mr. Dilke presiding. The report of the secretary gave a full account of the operations with regard to the examinations for prizes and certificates, from which it appears that considerable success has attended the labours of the society. In 1857, London had produced 80 candidates, and Yorkshire 140. Resolutions were proposed approving of the examination system and advising its extension.

The 104th anniversary dinner of the Society of Arts was also held at St. James's Hall, the Earl of Carlisle presiding. About 150 sat down to dinner, and the refreshments provided in dinner, dessert, and wine gave general satisfaction to this numerous party.

The first report of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery has been published among the Parliamentary papers. At a meeting on the 16th February the trustees adopted the following resolutions for the guidance of their future proceedings:—1. The rule which the trustees desire to lay down to themselves, in either making purchases or receiving presents, is to look to the celebrity of the person represented rather than to the merit of the artist. They will attempt to estimate that celebrity without any bias to any political or religious party. Nor will they consider great faults and errors, even though admitted on all sides, as any sufficient ground for excluding any portrait which may be valuable, as illustrating the civil, ecclesiastic, or literary history of the country. 2. No portrait of any person still living, or deceased less than ten years, shall be admitted by purchase, donation, or bequest, except only in the case of the reigning Sovereign, and of his or her consort, unless all the trustees in the United Kingdom, and not incapacitated by illness, shall either at a meeting, or by letter, signify their approbation. 3. No portrait shall be admitted by donation, unless three-fourths at least of the trustees present at a meeting shall approve it. Portraits of Shakspeare, Wilberforce, Sidmouth, Perceval, Stanhope, Stothard, Thompson the poet, Torrington, Fox the martyrologist; Wright, of Derby, the painter; Nollekens, the sculptor; Burdett, and Lord Chancellor Talbot have been presented. Purchases have been made of Sir W. Raleigh, Handel, Dr. Parr, A. Murphy, Speaker Lenthal, Horne Tooke, Dr. Mead, Robert Harley, Sir William Wyndham, Earl Cadogan, Richard Cumberland, "La Belle Hamilton," Huskisson, Archbishop Wake, Bishop Warburton, Sharp the engraver, Captain Cook, Sir William Chambers,

Elizabeth Carter, Bishop Hoadley, Cardinal Wolsey, and Ireton. The portraits now in the charge of the trustees, whether by purchase or donation, and amounting in the whole to thirty-five, have been ranged on the walls in the temporary apartments assigned by the Government to the collection in 29, Great George-street, Westminster. It has not been possible, as yet, to attempt any degree of chronological order or series; but the trustees have applied themselves to the compilation of a catalogue, which they trust may hereafter be found of practical utility, and which, besides the usual notices as to the painting, contains in each case a short biographical notice of the person represented. Up to this time the collection has seemed to the trustees not sufficiently advanced for public exhibition. That, however, is the aim which the trustees will always have before them as their final object, and which they will seek to accomplish at the earliest moment that they think warranted by the number of pictures which they may acquire.

A deputation of noblemen and gentlemen interested in the progress of the fine arts in Ireland had an interview on Tuesday with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Talbot de Malahide said the right hon. gentleman was doubtless aware that some years ago a proposal was set on foot by those interested in the fine arts in Ireland, to erect a memorial called the "Dargan Fund," and a considerable sum of money was raised. After a good deal of discussion, it was resolved to apply that amount in the erection of a National Gallery. The sum raised was £5000, and as that would not be sufficient, the Government of the day agreed to advance £6000, making in all £11,000. It was supposed this would go far enough; but it appeared there were expenses which could not be foreseen, and estimates were obtained amounting to £23,000. The sum, then, that would be required would be an additional £12,000; although they would only be able to make very considerable progress if £5000. were included in the estimates for the present year. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that he should recommend the Government to meet the views of the deputation.

Another letter has been written respecting the treatment of the Elgin and other marbles at the British Museum: "Sir.—The vandalism complained of by your correspondent 'Marmor' has been of some duration, and first attracted my attention on the opening of the new Graeco-Roman saloons. Last Christmas I saw a man scrubbing away with some vile compound. The celebrated bust of Clytie, one of the most beautiful antiquities existing, had had its face mauled in this manner, and I am positive that anything beyond the simplest application of water, and that by persons acquainted with the exquisite *fineness* of sculptured flesh, must prove prejudicial to such a work. I am told this bust was cleaned about ten years ago, and if the scrubbing process is to be renewed every now and then, we may bid adieu to the antique beauty of these marbles. Blurred edges and modelling technically called 'gummy' will be the inevitable result, with the loss of all those delicate touches which give life and individuality, and over which the sculptor lingered lovingly at the completion of his works. Time needs no human assistance to destroy. I would also enter a protest against any unnecessary shifting of such ponderous and yet fragile works as the sculptures of the Parthenon. The remains of the two pediments were formerly placed in a line in a large room; they have been removed and placed opposite to each other in a smaller room, so very close that it is impossible to obtain a general view of either pediment. Surely, after having endured the wear and tear of 2000 years, been knocked about in removal, wrecked in the Mediterranean, fished up again, stacked in Lord Elgin's outhouses, and then brought to their present habitation, they might be allowed to remain in peace. It would be some satisfaction to know who has the ordering of these changes. I never heard it was a sculptor's office; and none other can rightly prize such valuable legacies of ancient art. Alas, for the union of nature and ideal beauty which poor Haydon raved about and fought for in these creations of Phidias! But little of it will outlive the present generation if the scrubbing and scouring—doubtless destructive to a surface already abraded by 2000 years of exposure—is permitted to go on.—Your obedient servant, W. D. B. S."

We (*The Builder*) are glad to hear that it is the intention of the Templars to place a memorial on the grave of Oliver Goldsmith. We some time since referred to the necessity there was for preserving a record burial-place of one of the most eminent lights of English literature of the past century. It is to be hoped that this memorial may be tasteful, appropriate, and durable.

The annual conference between the representatives of the Society of Arts and the Council was held on Thursday at the society's house.

On Monday the first of a series of lectures was delivered in the concert room of the Crystal Palace, by the Rev. Charles Boutell, M.A., the object being to render the various Fine Art Courts more useful as educational mediums than they have hitherto been. The lecture was merely introductory.

On Tuesday afternoon the Prince Consort inspected the model of the pedestal for the monument to General Havelock, which is erected for the present at

the end of the Parade Ground in St. James's Park, on the side near Spring-gardens. His Royal Highness expressed his gratification with the model.

On Thursday a meeting of old Carthusians was held at the Charterhouse for the purpose of initiating measures for commemorating the services of Sir Henry Havelock and other officers who had been educated at the school, and had fallen in the Russian and Indian wars. Lord Panmure was in the chair. The Queen's Advocate moved the first resolution,— "That it is desirable to perpetuate the memory of Sir Henry Havelock and the other Carthusians who have fallen in the service of their country." The resolution, which was seconded by Mr. W. M. Thackeray, was carried. It was also agreed, on the motion of Archdeacon Hale, "That a monument be erected within these walls to the memory of those who have fallen in the service of their country, with the addition of such other memorial as the funds will permit." A committee was appointed to carry out the resolutions.

A public meeting was held at Southampton on Thursday, to promote the design of erecting a statue to the memory of Dr. Watts.

We are told that the painter Overbeck has retired to Ariccia to pass the summer. At first he chose Bocca di Papa, but the elevated situation of the place, and the bracing character of the air of the mountains, created alarm in the doctors. Overbeck has not recovered from his last illness, and he now works very little.

In the cuttings and excavations for the Civita Vecchia Railway, at the provisional terminus, about a mile from Rome, in the spot recognised as the site of Caesar's gardens, discoveries have been recently made, bringing to light a magnificent Roman reservoir for water, the bricks of which bear the stamp of the terra cotta works belonging to Lucilla, daughter of Marcus Aurelius and Faustina Junior, wife of the Emperor Lucius Verus. From the vast hall forming this reservoir, two corridors, about 350 yards long, whose painted vaults are decorated with marine monsters and griffins, lead to two square apartments, each of which have circular cabinets opening from them, with niches formerly adorned with statues. These have been but imperfectly excavated, the level of the ancient pavement not having been attained; but a very fine draped statue of Pomona, bearing a basket of fruit, evidently the work of a Grecian chisel, has been already brought to light, although in an imperfect state, and a torso of Roman workmanship of less artistic merit has also been found. Many architectural fragments and terra cotta statuettes have likewise been exhumed, as well as *fibulae*, *styli*, bracelets, and other ornaments. But the principal treasure consists in a series of magnificent medals of the Emperors Nero, Nerva (with the esteemed reverse of the clasped hands, "*Concordia militum*"), Adrian, and Antoninus Pius. These medals are of the largest dimensions and in the highest state of preservation, and, in spite of the Government regulations in cases of "treasure trove," have been eagerly snapped up by moneyed amateurs. Near the same spot the navies have come upon some sepulchres of *liberti*, evidently belonging to the Antonine period, as the tiles bear the stamp of Domitia, wife of Annus Verus and mother of Marcus Aurelius.

The *Revue des Beaux Arts* speaks of the probable erection in the Champs Elysées of a vast "Panorama-Diorama Impérial," by Colonel Langlois, the proprietor of the Panorama which was destroyed to admit of the erection of the Palais de l'Industrie.

The School of the Fine Arts is to be enlarged on the side of the Quai Malaquais. M. Duban is the architect engaged.

An equestrian statue of Bolivar has been completed in the Royal Foundry at Munich. It is intended for the Grand Place at Lima. In September next Munich will celebrate the 700th anniversary of the foundation of the capital. There will be a symbolic procession.

ARCHEOLOGICAL SUMMARY.

The officers of the British Museum are very amusing persons in their way. They feel that a sort of "right divine" invests their judgment, and a general vagueness that of other people. They will fight, *bac et onges*, as the French say, for their own infallibility, but have more doubts than beset Lord Eldon about the judgment of all others. We noted last week the purchase of an autograph of Shakespeare, and we now find it nobly enshrined in our national library in a glass case on a table to itself, in the place of honour which is its due. But on going to the case in the King's Library, where once reposed among their curious "books with autographs" the translation of Montaigne by Florio, with the signature *Wilm. Shakspeare*, which had induced a learned disquisition, and a learned editor (Mr. Charles Knight) to omit two letters of the poet's name "on the authority of the poet's autograph"—we found the book had disappeared. Alas! has it "fallen from its high estate" so soon? The juxtaposition was too much for "the old favourite," we suppose; and "one little work" has deposited it from its place of honour, where it reposes on velvet and was enshrined in plate glass, to be placed among the crowd of volumes on the vulgar shelves, less honoured, perhaps, than its compeers.

[JUNE 26, 1858.]

Sic transit, &c.; but we should not like to have encountered the wrath of any "official" by venturing to have prophesied this a day before it happened.

The marbles from Halicarnassus, for which a sort of conservatory has been erected in the portico of the British Museum, will soon be thrown open to public gaze. They are very important additions to our sculpture, very noble in design and remarkably vigorous in execution. We owe to our consul, Mr. Newton, a large amount of gratitude for the unceasing endeavours he made to discover the world-renowned Tomb of Mausolus—the exact spot in which it once stood having never been satisfactorily proved before. Now we may probably be looking on the hero himself, if we can accept the noble draped figure with its strongly marked features as his "true effigy"; if that be not allowed, at least its great merit as a work of art will give it equal claim to honour. The grand cast of the draperies, and the vigour with which the folds are sculptured, rival the seated figures among the Elgin marbles. The sculptured slabs are equally fine; and the colossal horse is especially remarkable for fragments of the bronze bridle which are still affixed to the head. It is much to be regretted that want of space disallows these fine marbles being placed where they ought to be—that is, in conjunction with the other marbles in the sculpture galleries of the Museum; thus carrying out the proper historic succession of these noble works. We are rapidly outgrowing all our narrowed old institutions, and may soon expect to see some of the old masters hung outside the National Gallery at Trafalgar-square, now the trustees of the British Museum cannot further admit the highest art within their doors, and have set this example before them.

Everybody who visited the Hotel de Cluny, in Paris, a few years ago, will remember the labyrinthine neighbourhood that surrounded it, and made a visit to it a regular "voyage of discovery." Now it has been cleared of surrounding buildings, and the full importance and curiosity of the *Palais des Thermes* (as the Roman ruins beside it were termed) is displayed. The authorities of Paris have carefully disengaged the mass from the modern adjuncts, and left the Roman work in its integrity, which will henceforth present a very interesting object beside the line of trees on the new Boulevard de Sébastopol. They are believed to have been the *Thermae* of Julian's palace; and on contemplating this large mass of Roman work, we feel astonishment at its preservation during all the centuries of change which befel a great city. The large vaulted apartments, with their doors and windows neatly turned in brick, and the bonding courses, also of flat broad brick, which run through the walls, are beautifully preserved; these apartments did duty as warehouses in the last century. The Paris authorities are justly proud of this fine relic; had it been in the city of London, it had most probably shared the fate of the *Gerard's Hall*.

The *Bath Express* states that the arrangements for the meeting of the Archeological Institute at Bath, which will take place on the 20th of next month, under the presidency of Lord Talbot de la Malahide, are fast approaching completion, the local committee being actively engaged in selecting objects for the museum, &c. The excursions will include visits to Glastonbury and Malmesbury, as well as the immediate vicinity; upon which places papers will be read illustrative of the several objects of interest. It is hoped that those who have any specimens of antiquarian value will communicate with the Honorary Secretaries. We understand that books are opened at the several banks to receive contributions in aid of the expenses of the meeting.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

OPERAS AND CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Drury Lane has now become a thorough Italian opera house, and has contrived to collect on its boards a great number of very excellent singers, some hitherto unknown to the London public—such as Signor Badiali, Manfredi, Naudin, and Mesdames Donatelli, Fumagalli, and Bellosio; and others well known and highly esteemed, as Madame Viardot Garcia and Madame Persiani, who have just reappeared, the one in *The Barber of Seville*, and the other as *Elvira*, in *I Puritani*. This last-mentioned opera was produced on Monday night, and very creditably in every respect. Madame Persiani retains all her wonted grace, and much of her power, and gave the varied emotions of the forsaken and maddened *Elvira* with extraordinary effect and feeling. She was heartily greeted by a very crowded and respectable audience. Signor Badiali, as *Riccardo*, added to his well-known reputation; and Signor Manfredi played *Georgio* with so much excellence of acting, and so much vocal power, as to call down the repeated approbation of the audience. The conclusion of the second act was greeted with an enthusiasm arising as much from political as musical feeling, the frequent cries of "bis," "bis," instead of the English "encore," showing there was a large Italian element in the audience. The public, apparently, are getting over their alarm at the lowness of the prices of admission, and are beginning to judge the actual merits of the performance irrespective of such contingencies. Price, however, is considered by a British public such

a criterion of quality, that it is very difficult to get a verdict on merits alone.

There has been no novelty in the operatic programmes during the week. At Her Majesty's Theatre *Il Trovatore* was performed on Tuesday night, *Lucrezia Borgia* on Thursday, and the same opera to-night. On Tuesday the admired ballet, *La Reine des Songes*, was given, and the same is fixed for to-night; and on Thursday Mlle. Pochini and Annetta witched the pit with twinkling feet in *La Fleur des Champs*. *Luisa Miller* is announced for repetition on Tuesday next. At Covent-garden, *Fra Diavolo*, *Il Barbiere*, *La Traviata*, and Flotow's opera, *Martha*, was promised for this evening; but the frequenters of this house, who are by this time becoming inured to disappointment, will doubtless bear with one more repetition of the adventures of the unchaste Violetta.

On Monday morning, Mr. Benedict's concert drew a large and fashionable audience to the Concert-room in her Majesty's Theatre, a circumstance which none can wonder at who remembers the popularity of this distinguished conductor and good composer. The programme was well selected, and gave the utmost satisfaction. One of the most interesting features in this concert was the rendering of two unaccompanied trios for female voices by Mlle. Titien, Mmes. Sherrington Lemmens & Viardot. Two of Bach's concertos for three pianos were played by Herr Rubinstein, Herr Schmitt, and Mr. Benedict, and deservedly attracted great applause. This was Herr Schmitt's first appearance in England, and, judging by his performance upon this occasion, it is likely that he will become a favourite. Another great effect in the way of instrumental music was produced by the performance of Maurer's concertante for six violins by Messrs. Joachim, Molique, Maurer, Deichmann, V. Collins, and Blagrove—six of the finest players in the world. The first-named performer furthermore delighted the audience by his surprising performance in Tartini's "Songe du Diable." The "Miserere" scene from *Il Trovatore* was admirably rendered by Mlle. Titien and Signor Giuglini; and Mlle. Piccolomini won all hearts by the dramatic expression she threw into Paesiello's operetta *La Serva Padrona*. Herr Pischeck introduced what may perhaps be considered an innovation into a concert, by dressing for the part of Hassan in Mr. Benedict's opera *Der Alte von Berge*, but did not apparently make any great impression upon the audience thereby.

On Monday evening, the sixth and last concert of the Philharmonic Society took place at the Hanover-square Rooms, and was attended by a very numerous audience. The programme (which was selected "by command") comprised a concerto on the violin by Mendelssohn, which had been already played on the second of his two appearances this season at the Philharmonic concerts. This repetition gave, as might be expected, some little umbrage to the subscribers, who would naturally have preferred something new; and it was deemed by many that this sacrifice of those who really support the society to the caprice of the Court ought not to be tolerated for a moment. We have no doubt, however, that if the matter had been properly represented to her Majesty she would have substituted something else for the concerto. Another grievance to the subscribers was the selection of the overture to *Tannhäuser* by Herr Wagner, a composition which no musician regards as above the level of contempt. In other respects, however, the music selected was quite satisfactory, and the wonderful playing of Herr Joachim excited the usual amount of enthusiasm. About the middle of the first part some difficulty arose with the gas, owing, it was said, to the admission of water into the pipes. Whatever was the cause, it was, however, speedily rectified, and the uneasiness to which the incident gave rise was entirely allayed when the royal party arrived.

On Tuesday, the Tonic Sol-Fa Association drew an immense audience to the Crystal Palace. The chorus consisted of 3500 children, and 500 adults, tenors and basses, conducted by Messrs. J. Sarll and W. S. Young. This immense army of juveniles entirely filled the Handel orchestra, and presented *en masse* a beautiful and striking spectacle. As our readers are doubtless aware, a peculiarity of the Tonic Sol-fa system is, that the singers have no books before them, but take time and tune from the baton of the conductor. The programme, which was a long one, comprised "Bells Ringing," "How Beautiful upon the Mountains," "Hail, all Hail," "Those Evening Bells," the "Quail Call," "The Echo," "Hail, Smiling Morn," "Auld Lang Syne," "Hail, Judea," "The May-time," "Old England" (to the air of "The British Grenadiers").

On Wednesday, the grand vocal and instrumental concert given by command of her Majesty at St. James's Hall, for the benefit of the Royal Academy of Music, was attended by the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Princess Mary of Cambridge, a brilliant court, and an immense audience. The performance commenced with a mass composed by the Earl of Westmoreland, whose skill in music is said even to exceed his diplomatic ability. At the conclusion of the piece the noble Earl, who was present, received the congratulations of his friends; which he doubtless would have done had the mass been even worse than it was. The selection comprised seven choruses, three trios, a duo, a quartet, and seven soli, and had

the advantage of being sung by Madame Viardot, Miss Dolby, Mlle. Titien, Madame Clara Novello, Miss Pyne, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Harrison, Allan Irving, and Weiss, Signori Giuglini and Belletti, and Herr Reichardt. The rest of the programme included a concertante by Maurer for four violins, admirably performed by Messrs. Blagrove, Isaac, H. Hill, and Watson; the "Spirit Song," which was sung by Miss Dolby; selections from Lucas's *The Regicide*, effectively given by Miss Pyne, Madame Weiss, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Allen, and Weiss. The second part comprised "Deh vieni," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*; the aria of "Laschia ch'io pianga," from Handel's *Armenia*; a recitative and romanza, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe Coburg; and a terzetto by Mr. Costa.

The morning concert given by Madame Bassano and Herr Kuhe on Thursday, at the Hanover-square Rooms, was well attended. Mendelssohn's trio in D, as interpreted by Herr Kuhe, M. Sainton, and Signor Piatti, was greatly and deservedly admired, as also Prudent's variations from *Les Huguenots*, performed by Herr Kuhe. Among the other attractions may be favourably mentioned "O quelle nuit," from *Le Domino Noir*, sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherington; the romance "Quando le sera," from *Luisa Miller*, sung by Mr. Sims Reeves; Madame Viardot Garcia's well-known "Spanish Melodies," and an air from Handel's *Alcina*, by the same artist; finally, "Ah! rendimi," extremely well sung by Madame Bassano.

We have to regret that other engagements and the lateness of our notice prevented us from attending the *Matinée Musicale* given by Signor Andreoli and Sighicelli, by permission of the Marchioness of Downshire, at her residence in Belgrave-square. We understand, however, that Signor Sighicelli enjoys a great reputation on the Continent as a performer upon the violin of the very first order, and that the impression which he made upon the fashionable and critical audience which attended the *début* fully supported his title to it. We hope ere long to have an opportunity of hearing him upon some more public occasion, and of recording an opinion as to his merits.

CONCERTS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday, June 28.—Sgr. Biletti and Solieri's *Matinée Musicale*, Willis's Rooms, 2*p.m.*—The London Polyphonic Choir, St. Martin's Hall, 3*p.m.*—Mr. Albert Schloss's Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution, 8.—Mr. Frank Brindley's New Literary and Musical Entertainment, St. Martin's Hall, 8.

Tuesday, 29th.—Bradford Festival Choral Society, St. James's Hall, 8.

Wednesday, 30th.—M. Jules Lefort and Herr Louis Engel's Grand *Matinée Musicale*, Campden House.—Miss Kemble's Morning Concert, Gallery at Bridgewater House.—Madame Sala's Annual Concert, Willis's Rooms, 3.—The Vocal Association, St. James's Hall, 8.

Friday, July 2.—Mr. Leslie's Choir, St. Martin's Hall, 8.
—Handel Choral Festival at the Crystal Palace.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

The arrangements for the great musical performance by the Handel Festival Choir at the Crystal Palace, on the 2nd of July, are approaching completion, and the 2000 chorus singers have been selected with the same care that characterised the preparation of the Handel Festival. Besides the 250 members of the Bradford Choral Association representing the Yorkshire districts, delegations from Manchester, Liverpool, Norwich, Bristol, Hereford, Gloucester, Worcester, Ely, Lincoln, Cambridge, Oxford, Winchester, Canterbury, Rochester, Bangor, Birmingham, Reigate, Windsor, and many other towns, with several continental celebrities, have accepted invitations to be present. It is intended that the usual band shall occupy the lower portion of the orchestra erected for the Handel Festival (the twelve harps being arranged along the front of the platform), the various military and wind bands forming a circle half way up. The chorus will occupy the remaining stages of this great platform. The first of the two final London Chorus rehearsals was held at Exeter Hall yesterday, under the direction of Mr. Costa. The Bradford choir arrive in London on Monday, the 28th inst., having been honoured by her Majesty's commands to perform at Buckingham Palace on the same evening. They give a concert on the following day at the Crystal Palace, and join in the final great rehearsal of the entire chorus at Exeter Hall on Wednesday evening. The plans of reserved seats at the Crystal Palace have been issued, and the tickets are now in course of delivery, offering the same facilities to visitors from distant parts of the country as were found so satisfactory on occasion of the Great Handel Festival last year. Special trains are being organised from different localities, and thus far this brilliant musical celebration, which, for its variety and striking effects, has never before been equalled, gives fair promise of proving the great musical feature of the season.

Jenny Lind has come to live among us. The *Niederrheinische Musik Zeitung* announced that she had resolved a long time ago, after she had given up her projected journey to Russia, to leave her present residence, Dresden, and settle in England. This intention she has now carried out. After all her furniture in Dresden had been disposed of, no inconsiderable number of packages, with articles of value, &c., were forwarded last week, via Hamburg, to England, where Jenny Lind will repose in retirement on her laurels at a villa near London. Since the

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appearance of that paragraph, the great *cantatrice* has arrived, with her husband and two children. The whole family have taken possession of a neat villa, called Roehampton Lodge, situated near to the south side of Barnes Common, and about a mile from Putney. The house is in a retired position, and in the immediate vicinity of Putney Common and the picturesque village of Roehampton.

The scenery, machinery, and all the moveable contents of the old Adelphi, having been removed, the work of demolition commenced on Thursday last, and has since been carried on with amazing vigour. In a few days the building will be completely swept away, and the erection of the new house commenced. Mr. Webster, and Mr. Wyatt, the architect, are confident of the house being completed and ready to open by the 1st of October.

The refusal on the part of the direction of the Viennese Opera to allow the extension of this popular lady's *congé* has been rescinded—not from any motive of liberality towards the manager of the London theatre, where her services have proved of such inestimable value, but because, at the eleventh hour, certain repairs which have for some time been in progress at the "Kärnthnerthor" are found not sufficiently advanced to admit of the usual performances being resumed at the time expected. Thus the patrons of her Majesty's Theatre may look forward to repetition of those operas in which Mademoiselle Titens has already achieved so well-merited a success, besides others in which she has not yet appeared before a London audience—and among the rest, no doubt our musical readers will hope, Beethoven's *Fidelio*.

It is arranged that the doors of the "Royal Property" are again to be opened to the public on Monday next, for a limited season, with varied and attractive entertainments for the million.

The fashion of crinoline has received a severe check in Vienna, where the actresses of the Carl Theatre have been prohibited from wearing it. This measure was rendered necessary by the fact that an actress, who, in the character of an orphan, was to have fainted away and fallen to the ground, found it impossible to realise the latter idea with anything like nature, from being so strongly cased in her steel-bound framework.

THE THEATRES.

THE theatres seem to have succumbed to the hot weather. The Haymarket drags through these dog nights with a succession of benefits, in which novelties and specialties, like curries and sauces to the jaded palate, are tendered to create some interest. The Adelphi Theatre is being carried away in bricklayers' baskets, and the new walls will shortly show what the dimensions of the new theatre will be. The Olympic has no alteration in its bill; and thus the determined playgoer must be driven north or south if he will follow his favourite amusement through every season. The St. James's Theatre has indeed a high attraction in Madame Ristori; but that is so special and peculiar a performance, that it will form the subject of a special disquisition. If then we go into the suburbs with the persevering playgoer, we shall in the south find Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams delighting the Surrey audience with their Irish-Yankee pieces. Vivacity and humour of so broad and popular a species as theirs is sure to be admired anywhere; and the inhabitants of St. George's Fields form no exception to the rest of the world, and applaud the Williamses to the echo—the echo being the boys in the street, who repeat all their eccentric ditties, making the air vocal with "Our Mary Anne," &c.

The Adelphi company flitted on Monday to Sadler's Wells, with the ever *Grecian Bushes*, and *Our French Lady's Maid*, who has not lost her dramatic character, though she has nothing to boast of as to her individual conduct. Nothing forces upon one's imagination the extraordinary magnitude of our metropolis so much as this affording four separate regions, which, like outlying provinces, afford to public artists of all kinds, actors, readers, reciters, concert singers, &c., new fields for the repetition of their various pursuits and productions. A total revet has thus been worked by the removal of the monopoly formerly attached to the two great theatres, Drury-lane and Covent-garden, and the inhabitants of the north, south, and east (not yet the west), districts, instead of coming up to the theatres, have the theatricals taken to them.

In the north-east exists a very pretty little truly summer theatre, situated in a well laid-out garden. We mean the Grecian Saloon, to which we lately paid a visit, and could wish that we more followed the example of our ancestors, who in summer time frequented only suburban places of amusement; being wafted on the then silvery Thames to the Globe, or riding out to the Curtain beyond the Barbican, or to the Red Bull at Islington; finding, as tradition says, a Shakspeare to hold their horses. The immense relief of having a thoroughly well ventilated theatre, and the being able to walk out into a flower-garden and refresh the inner man with cooling drinks, is scarcely to be over-rated at this season of the year. The theatre at the Grecian is

one of the prettiest and most commodious in London; and the performances are very good, Mr. T. Mead (an excellent actor) leading the serious, and young Mr. Conquest the comic business. Sadler's Wells might be made, what it was a hundred years since, a very nice garden theatre in the summer months. There are still some distant theatres of this kind, lying on the horizon of London, and therefore of civilised life, which we shall take pleasure in exploring and reporting upon, until the autumn season returns, which it is expected to do with unusual severity.

LITERARY NEWS.

At the Council of University College, London, held on Saturday last, Mr. John Philip Green, Lincoln's Inn, was appointed Professor of Jurisprudence, also Examiner for the Hume Scholarship in Juri-prudence to be awarded in December next. Mr. Arthur Cohen, late of Magdalene College, Oxford, and Mr. John Power Hicks, M.A., late of Lincoln College, Oxford, were appointed, with the Professors of Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and Natural Philosophy of the College, Examiners for the Andrews Scholarships in October next. An extraordinary Andrews Scholarship of 60*l.*, in addition to the ordinary scholarship of 100*l.* and 60*l.*, were ordered to be announced for the session 1858-59. The Doctor Fellowes Clinical Medicine Prize of a gold medal was awarded to Mr. William G. Groves, of Maidencombe, Teignmouth, Devonshire. A vote was passed for the repayment to the trustees of the Lord Dudley Stuart memorial of a sum of 50*l.*, credited in error by the bankers of the Hume memorial, and paid to the college in August last as part of that fund.

The Oxford examination of candidates commenced at the Royal Institution, Manchester, on Monday. There were 125 candidates, 26 of the senior class and 99 of the junior. The subjects were:—Rudiments of Faith, Mathematics, Languages, Physics, Drawing, and Music. The Rev. J. E. T. Rogers attended as a delegate from Oxford, and the examiner was the Rev. H. Highton, of Cathorpe, near Rugby.

These examinations commenced also at Leeds, as well as in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bath, Southampton, Cheltenham, Bedford, Oxford, and Exeter, on Monday. The examination at Leeds is held in the Grammar School, and is conducted by the Rev. C. P. Chretien, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College. There are 110 candidates for examination,—namely, 37 senior, and 73 junior ones. Before the examination commenced the candidates were suitably addressed by the Rev. Dr. Hook, Vicar of Leeds, as a delegate of the University of Oxford.

On the 1st of July next, and thenceforward, the postage on letters between the United Kingdom and Martinique, Guadeloupe, or Curaçoa, will be reduced to sixpence the half-ounce, and so on according to the usual scale. This postage must be paid in advance, or the letters will not be forwarded.

The Post Office authorities announce that on the 1st of July next, and thenceforward, a book packet addressed to Sardinia may consist not only of books or other publications, prints, or maps, but also of any quantity of paper, parchment, or vellum; and further, such books or other publications, prints, maps, &c., may on and after the same date be either printed, written, or plain, or any mixture of the three, to the exclusion, however, of any matter of the nature of a letter, unless wholly printed.

The Harrow speeches were delivered on Thursday, in the presence of a numerous company, including many of the nobility, Members of Parliament, bishops, and clergymen. After the speeches the company partook of a sumptuous repast at the residence of the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, the head master. Dr. Vaughan proposed "The Health of Lord Palmerston," who, in acknowledging the toast, expressed his gratification at visiting the scene of his early education, and eulogised the system pursued at the school. "The Health of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe" was also given, and was duly acknowledged by that noble lord.

The council of the Dublin Statistical Society has selected as Barrington Lecturers in Political Economy for the year 1858-9 the following gentlemen, viz.:—Frederick Evelyn, LL.B.; Thomas Busteed, M.A.; W. H. Jemison, LL.B.; and Joseph Corkey, M.A. The management of the lectures has been intrusted to the committee of the Mechanical Institutes of Drogheda, Lurgan, and Navan, and of the Free Public Library, Dublin.

The answers to inquiries for Lady Morgan are favourable; and it is to the honour of literature to observe the public sympathy which has been accorded to the precarious state of one of its most eminent female professors in this country.

Mr. Brunel, C.E., has gone, it is said, to the Continent for two years, to enjoy quiet and recruit his health after the anxiety and fatigue he has endured with the Leviathan.

The *Leeds Mercury* says: "We fear too many of our readers may have noticed for some time back a very unpleasant odour when they first receive the newspaper. They will scarcely suppose that the same electrical state of the atmosphere which turns their milk sour and spoils their meat is answerable

for this bad smell of the paper. But so it is. When we scolded our paper makers, the explanation they gave was, that during the very thundery weather, some weeks since, a boiling of size had turned sour, and they had used it for some hours before they made the discovery. When they made it, they at once threw away the remainder of the soured size, but the paper was too valuable to be thrown away. Hence the annoying smell which has proceeded from the *Mercury*. We have earnestly entreated our paper makers not in future to send us any of this odoriferous paper. The correspondent who feared that the scent proceeded from the 'printer's devil' will be relieved to find that the cause was not infernal, but earthly, we may almost say heavenly, or at least aerial and electrical.

As a specimen of the zeal and promptitude with which Mr. Panizzi executed his office, it may be mentioned that the Shakspeare autograph, purchased last week for the British Museum, was exhibited to the public on Saturday. It stands in a separate case among the other autographs in the manuscript room, beyond the Grenville library. Whether from indifference, or because they had not found it out, the public betrayed no curiosity respecting it, for at the time we paid it a visit we found it entirely deserted, whilst the case full of royal autographs attracted the usual crowd.

On Monday next the sale of the first portion of the large and valuable library collected by the late Dr. Bliss, Principal of St. Mary's Hall, will commence at the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson. The sale of this *first portion* will last sixteen days, and the catalogue contains nearly five thousand items. As might be expected, the library is very rich in doctrinal and old church literature, black letter, and classics. There is, however, a very good sprinkling of general literature, and especially of English classics. After going over this catalogue, we would suggest to the auctioneers whether an arrangement by subjects, rather than alphabetically, would not conduce to the convenience of purchasers. It might perhaps be undesirable to "the trade" to let private buyers have any further convenience; but collectors would doubtless prefer knowing on what particular day in a sale each class of books would be sold.

A correspondent writes to the *Times*:—"Sir,—May I beg the aid of your powerful influence to rouse the slumbering energies of the publishers of the eighth edition of this important work (the "Encyclopaedia Britannica"), which, according to the prospectus, ought to have been completed last month? As six volumes are overdue, the pressure of the *Times* may, I think, be reasonably exerted to hasten the completion of this national publication."

The editorial amenities of our Transatlantic contemporaries have long supplied matter for wonder in this country. The following specimen, taken from a biographical sketch of three well-known American journalists, is, however, equal to anything of the kind we have met. It appeared in a paper called *Stephen Branch's Alligator*, of which eight numbers have already appeared in New York:—"I shall review the editorial career of these men (whom I regard as extremely vicious), and I shall begin with B*****, because he is the eldest and biggest villain of the trio. I have written for the *Herald* since I was a student at Cambridge in 1836, for which I have received only 250 dollars. I have written for the *Times* nearly since its advent, for which I have received nothing. I have written for the *Tribune* since the first year of its existence, for which I have received nothing but infinite detraction. So, in all I may say of these ungrateful scoundrels, I shall evince no ingratitude or treachery. B****'s face is the reflection of hell and the prince of devils. In conversation, he is obscene and blasphemous, and thoroughly wicked in every thought, and to listen to his obscenity, and blasphemy, and corrupt suggestions, in his old age, makes one shudder with horror to the inner temples of the soul. He is a low and cunning Scotchman, of a large brain, of superficial cultivation—has no critical knowledge of grammar, and his orthography is quite imperfect—could accurately define Webster's "science" only as it represents the mode of extortion—has read very little—is an unnaturalised alien, and a monarchist of the deepest dye. His leading motive, since he acquired his almighty dollar position as a journalist, has been to corrupt the people, and thus subvert our institutions, and cast us again into the embraces of British despots, whom he still loves, and will ever recognise as his native masters."

From "The Canadian Newspaper Directory," published at Toronto, we glean the following facts:—There are issued in the two Canadas 207 newspapers, viz.: daily 20; tri-weekly 18; semi-weekly 15; weekly 156. Of these, 57 are liberal, 47 Reform, and 43 Conservative. In religion, 104 Protestant, 18 Roman Catholic; 35 are neutral as to creeds; 12 non-political; and 2 neutral with regard to both religion and politics. There are 88 different cities, towns or villages in the Canadas, from which newspapers are issued. The Canadian local journals have usually but moderate circulation, ranging from 500 to 1500, averaging about 1000. The following are the most widely diffused:—*Globe*, Toronto—Daily 5000; tri-weekly 3000; weekly 14,500. *Witness*, Montreal

(Protestant)—Weekly 9000. *Patriot*, Toronto (Tory) Weekly 6000. *Colonist*, Toronto—Daily 2000; tri-weekly 1500; weekly 10,000. *Christian Guardian*, Toronto (Methodist)—Weekly 5000. *Courrier du Canada*, Quebec (R. C.)—Tri-weekly 2500. *La Minerve*, Montreal (Liberal R. C.)—Tri-weekly and weekly 3000. *Lender*, Toronto (Tory)—Daily 1500; semi-weekly 3000. Five journals are printed in Canada in the German language, one being Roman Catholic.

The *Lionnes Pauvres* of M. Emile Augier has just been published. It is dedicated to Prince Napoleon, without whose intervention it would never have been performed, and is preceded by a preface which makes some amusing revelations respecting the dramatic censorship. Among other things, it is said that after the phrase "Ask for a week's delay"—there is no Englishman so much an Arab as —," the censorship wrote: "An attack on the alliance." After the phrase "These turpitudes are no secret to Punch" was written the remark "Bad taste." At "all the stages of society," they wrote "Dangerous." M. Augier adds: "I ask pardon of the censors for violating the secret of the deliberations, but they have set me the example, by not keeping it themselves. One of them even amused himself by going about proclaiming everywhere that our piece was a turpitude!"

M. Alfred de Vigny proposes that the members of the Academy shall wear a uniform, and has petitioned for this privilege. This ardent Imperialist has not worn such a mark of distinction since he turned the coat which he wore in the Royal Guard of Charles X. He has, however, got very much laughed at for his pains.

The correspondant of the *Globe* says: "Some time back I had to lament the case of Mr. Headlam, M.P. for Newcastle, whose name is habitually mangled by French translators. I have recognised him under the alias of Zeadlam, Saedlam, Leadlum, Eadlam; but in a recent paragraph he is made to join MM. Bright and Gibson in complimenting the Ministry under the form of—Beadlam!"

OBITUARY.

GLENGALL, The Earl of, died suddenly on Tuesday morning, at Cowes, Isle of Wight. The deceased, Richard Butler, Earl of Glengall, Viscount and Baron Caher, county of Tipperary, in the peerage of Ireland, was only son of Richard, first earl, by his marriage with Emily, youngest daughter of Mr. John Jefferyes. He was born in 1794, and married in 1834 Margaret Lauretta, youngest daughter and co-heir of the late Mr. William Mellish, the great army contractor. By his countess, who survives him, he leaves issue two daughters—Lady Margaret, born in 1834, and Lady Matilda, born in 1836. In default of male issue the baroncy becomes extinct. The late Earl succeeded to the family honours on the death of his father in 1819, and has been an Irish representative peer since 1830. He had been for many years colonel of the Tipperary Militia, and was the author of the popular farce of "The Irish Tutor," and other dramatic works of some merit, and of late years has contributed several political essays to the columns of the Conservative press. He always took great interest in dramatic matters, and was, for many years past, chairman of the committee of the shareholders of Drury-lane theatre. The Earl's ancestors were a branch of the noble house of Ormonde, springing from the third earl. By his demise a vacancy occurs among the Irish representative peers.

THELLUSON, Hon. A., youngest and last surviving son of the late Lord Rendlesham, died a few days since at Bath. The deceased was born in 1801, and married in 1826 Caroline Ann Maria, second daughter of the late Sir Christopher Bethel Codrington, Bart., and the Hon. Harriet Foley, by whom he leaves an only son and two daughters. He was heir presumptive of the family barony; and it may be mentioned that the great "Thelluson Will Case" was appointed for hearing in the House of Lords on Monday next; but in consequence of the decease of Mr. Thelluson, who was one of the appellants in the cause, it is uncertain whether the appeal can be heard on that day, as the legal advisers to whom the case is entrusted are not sure whether they will be able to revive the appeals in the name of Major Thelluson, of the Coldstream Guards, son of the deceased gentleman.

WATT, Mr. Henry Matthew, a chemist connected with the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn-street, committed suicide there on Saturday last. He was about twenty-eight years of age, was employed as a chemist at the museum, was a remarkably clever young man, universally respected, and the only assignable cause for the act appears to be over study in the pursuit of his profession. The deceased, it is stated, had been for some time past engaged in the production of a work connected with geology, in conjunction with another gentleman connected with the museum.

HOWE, Mr. T. G., an artist, residing in Bloomsbury-street, Bedford-square, committed suicide in his studio, on Thursday morning, by swallowing "emerald green." It is stated that the unfortunate man had been for some time in a desponding state, owing to pecuniary embarrassments.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Adye's *The Defence of Cawnpore* in November 1857, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl. Airy's Mathematical Tracts on Lunar Theories, 4th edit. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl. Astor's Income Tax Tables at 5d., &c. in the Pound, 8vo. 1s. swd. Brathwaite's Retrospect of Medicine, Vol. XXXVII, 8vo. 6s. cl. Busch's Suggestions relative to the Restoration of Suffragan Bishops (crown 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.). Broom's Selections of Legal Maxims, 3rd edit. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl. Burger's Lenore, Two Verse Translations of, 8vo. 1s. sewed. Bush's Riffeman's Manual, 2nd edit. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. Butler's Letters on Romania, edited by Woodward, 8vo. 10s. cl. cloth. Busch's (Dr.) Guide for Travellers in Egypt, &c., or. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. Bush's Notes on the Book of Numbers, or. 8vo. 7s. cl. Carlyle's Translations—Museus, Tisch, &c., crown 8vo. cl. Chants, Services, Anthems; their Words, Descriptions, &c., or. 8vo. 2s. cl. Chambers's Journal, Vol. IX., sup. royal 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.

Daniel's Two Principal Periods, *Terminal Synchronism* of, 8vo. 3s. 6d. Dean's Manual of the History of Firearms, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. Dickens's Old Curiosity Shop (Library Edition), post 8vo. 6s. cloth. Donisthorpe's Missionary Adventures, Tales of, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl. Encyclopedia Britannica, new edit., Vol. IV., 4to. 21s. cl. Farrer's Essay on the Christian Doctrine of the Resurrection, 8vo. 1s. swd. Gallicani's New Paris Guide for 1858, with plates, 12mo. 10s. cl. Green's Gradations in Euclid, Books I. and II., or. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl. Horace's Odes, translated into Lyric Verses by Lord Ravensworth, royal 8vo. 21s. half bound. Heth's System of Target Practice, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. swd. Hudson's Land Valuer's Best Assistant, new edit. 21mo. 4s. 6d. Ingoldsby's Ghost Stories of North America, 8vo. 1s. cl. Macfarlane's Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles, 8vo. 8vo. 6d. cl. Miller's Poacher, and other Pictures of Country Life, 8vo. 2s. bds. Oxford Handbook for Visitors to, new edit. 8vo. 1s. cl. Parker's Medieval Architecture of Chester, 8vo. 5s. cl. Peck's Wyoming; Its History, &c., or. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl. Practical Through Routes from London to Germany, Tyrol, &c. 12mo. 1s. Parlour Library: *Lister's Arlington*, 8vo. 2s. bds. Twining's Short Lecture on Plants, post 8vo. 6s. cl. Wigram's on the Admission of Extrinsic Evidence in the Interpretation of Wills, 4th edit. 8vo. 1s. cl.

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